

THE NEW YORK WORLD

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

VOL. XVI., No. 411.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry Gone, and Silence Sits in Faded Bowers.—The Cerebral Drama, Convolutions Minus Throb.—Crinkle Invokes the Days of the Cardiac Clara.—Fortescue and Frothingham—Men of Scope Chained to One Idea—The Indignation in the London Clubs Over Our Impudent Criticisms of Wilson Barrett

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mrs. Langtry are both gone, and "silence sits in faded bowers." One of them went away to give the society reporters an opportunity to recuperate. The other fled to Boston, where they have a lingering notion that Mr. Coghlan can play Claude after a late dinner.

For one week Langtry, while playing in Newark, spent her afternoons in New York. She was at the Horse Show and the Flower Show. All the jockeys kissed her hand and all the children at the Chrysanthemum exhibition had to be lifted up to kiss her face. It was a week of quiet triumphs. She merely glided through and beamed on everybody.

Now they are gone. The Thesauruses are shut up. Adjectives no longer melt in the mouth. Tuxedo grieves on the Ramapo hills like a child who has lost his best soap bubble, and the society editor chews the end of his pencil in bitter vacuity.

Jim the Penman was not much consolation. Alas! yes, it is clever, but so is an undertaker and a dentist. It will run a long time, but so will a church clock. It took brains to make it, but it does not require heart to enjoy it.

I suppose the result of a reaction from the emotional drama will be the cerebral drama—all convolutions and no throb. A sharp sword-play of brilliant villainy, at which we shall leave our sympathies in the lobby with our umbrellas and overshoes, and sit soulless while a cold admiration runs down our backs. By our lady, a shrewd rascal, a noble thief, for he defies virtue and the laws and snaps his fingers at poetic justice.

Oh, sing hey for the merry times when virtue went mewling and puking at the Madison Square, and the congregation were afraid to applaud for fear of rippling the placid stream of rectitude!

Come back, come back. O days of that cardiac Clara who used to run us through the wringer of her agony and leave us hanging in the back yard of our reproaches to dry! Come back and take as many hours as you please between each act and as many days as you choose between each play, but throw us a heart-beat or two and moisten this desert of brains with a tear drop!

Oh for an Ethel to purr or a Fechter to bleat us back to the ecstasy of a sob or the pristine pleasure of a lump in the throat!

Is there nobody can put the old fashioned iron of pathos into our souls again and turn it round?

Fortescue can't do it. She jabs away at our sensibilities as if she were stamping our linen.

She means well, poor thing! but it's laundry-work, and her iron is a smoothing iron.

Fancy Minnie Maddern, not to seek further—in that last act of Frou Frou. Do you remember how in Caprice she sat down after she was separated from her lover and sang "In the Gloaming." The song was a worn one, and the actress had not much of a voice. But the poor little heart seemed broken. She was so utterly desolate that somehow the whole house was in tears.

Well, after all, it is on these wet spots of the drama that our memories keep growing.

Did you ever notice that Modjeska lacks this tearful power? Her Rosalind to me is like one of those beautiful snow flowers travellers pluck at the edge of the glaciers on high mountains. I never denied that she could act. Some of her work is strangely like those Flaminio jeans we occasionally see in the music scenes—exquisitely cut.

But we never forget that it is a stone.

I don't suppose that all the art of the world will make a woman sympathetic any more than it will make her a blonde or a brunette. It is first and last a question of temperament.

Given blood enough and suffering enough, we shall get it.

Fortescue plays Frou Frou very much as my old friend Mr. Frothingham used to read *prayers*. It is a guiltless performance. You feel like wringing her hand and thanking her for having got through so well. After bowing your head and admiring Frothingham's elocution, you had a burning desire to ask him if it

was from Emerson, the Zend Avasta, or the Dhammapada.

His great weakness was that he admired Doddridge and Watts and Zoroaster and Confucius with equal mildness.

Fortescue plays Gretchen and Frou Frou with the same guitar.

It is like trying to put Junius and Joe How-and through the same collender.

A woman with a nice little talent like Fortescue—such a modest, pretty little talent—ought not to expect too much of it. It's like using a napkin for a bed-quilt.

There's my gilded friend, Mr. Felix Adler. He is a lover of his race and a worker. If you ask him how the destiny of mankind can be assured, he will tell you promptly "by building improved tenement-houses." If you ask him how to secure an international copyright, or how to defeat the Knights of Labor, or how to elect Mr. Blaine, he will say, "My dear sir,

and Violet Cameron is now desolately wondering at her own illusion.

The Fortescue party had not the remotest idea that Frou Frou had been translated and played here long ago much better than it was ever done in London. Else why should they boast of a wretched London adaptation which compares with Mr. Daly's about as Pope's Homer compares with Gladstone's.

Violet Cameron has lived to be told that we have better burlesque actresses than she in all our concert saloons. And now Fortescue must be told that Frou Frou was done here by Yankees with an individual strength and a collective fitness and beauty to which her production is as a "penny dreadful" to a poem of Longfellow's.

It took Mr. Daly two seasons to get it through the thick skulls of the British metropolis that in the matter of fine adjustment,

The fact is that, between the old woman on the throne and the old woman in Downing street, the Englishman's idea of art never gets beyond the illusion of patronage on the one hand and the power of pounds sterling on the other.

There is a deep conviction in the Beefsteak Club that an English maid who has had a flirtation with a lord is made for the American market. I believe Tom-Taylor died in that conviction in spite of Mrs. Rousby's attempt to talk him out of it.

If this nonsense were not reflected in some of the actresses who come here it would not be worth talking about.

I am not referring to Fortescue particularly. She is a somewhat attractive little woman who is constantly reminding us by the most prodigious efforts that she can't act. She is continually forgetting the old adage, that woman may pose but the gods dispose, or that still

ary sense, won my respect. It was a great stroke of good fortune to get Mr. Mansell to play the leading role; but, aside from that, I wish to put myself on record here as having gone a great distance out of my way to see the piece from a purely disinterested desire to say something encouraging to a young journalist who was not actuated by a merely commercial consideration in writing his play.

I do not think *Tangled Lives* is a great play in the sense that I call Mr. Mackaye's *Anarchy* a great play; but it is a thoroughly good play, and it shows so much dramatic *fire*, is so squarely built upon character, and is so cleverly worked out on the true lines of dramatic literature, that I feel sure Mr. Keller will write a much greater play.

It is a positive pleasure to me to be able to point out intrinsic merits in the work of our young playwrights at a time when the market is swamped by English melodramas wrought of the cheapest fire and fusill.

And that reminds me that Arthur Wallack has at last heard of *Anarchy*, and, under the illusion that it might not be as American as reported, sent for Mackaye. Mr. Wallack's theatre is always open to American playwrights who would like a two weeks' experiment. When Arthur gets through reorganizing the Lambs Club he proposes to hear *Anarchy* read. Meanwhile Mr. Mackaye is up at the Madison Square Garden staking out and surveying the "Drama of Civilization."

I want you to notice that we are beginning to import dramatic material from the West. Mr. Buffalo Bill says the best Indian policy is that which engages them at starring terms. "Give me," he declares, "two or three men like Mackaye and a garden big enough, and I'll dispose of the Indian question, once and forever, by hiring all the warriors."

Since I last wrote to you the Italian company at the Academy has gone out in disaster. It was foreseen from the start. There wasn't a man on Fourteenth street that couldn't have cast the horoscope accurately. A crowd of parasites got hold of a woman with some money and made her believe that the proper way for heroes and prima donnas to succeed is to bleed. She bled well for two weeks.

Then the hemorrhage stopped suddenly. Cards, explanations, striking orchestra, tears, regrets, extinction. Next!

But it was pathetic to see during that fortnight the old guard of Italians and Frenchmen hugging *The Ballo in Maschera* and dancing reminiscently round Verdi. The revival of a few tunes to these men, whose tympanums had not been cracked by the Bayreuth Festival at the Metropolitan, was like the dainty odor of our mother's shortcake coming to us across the sands of time.

Most of them had slept in their dress-coats and crush-hats for a year, buoyed up by the hope that an Italian opera would break out suddenly.

It did, it did. But the same old extinguisher fell on it.

NYM CRINKLE.

Mr. Booth's Condition.

Edwin Booth was still confined to his bed last night, and his physician, Dr. St. Clair Smith, was unable to say whether it would be safe for him to attempt to play to night or not. Many persons visited the Victoria Hotel during the evening to inquire as to the tragedian's condition, but beyond the fact that he was a little easier, though still very weak, nothing definite could be learned. The probabilities are that Mr. Booth will try to get around to-day so as to be ready for a performance to-night; but his condition does not warrant it, and it is a question as to whether his physician will permit him to go out. Mr. Chase, the tragedian's manager, is also confined to his bed with a cold that has settled on his chest.

Ye American Opera.

The programme of the American Operasession, just published, does not mention the Monumental City. Baltimore seems to be left out in the cold. It also looks as if St. Louis will not take kindly to Mrs. Thurber's scheme.

Her recent visit to that city for the purpose of ascertaining whether its music-loving people would be willing to subscribe \$50,000 toward the general fund designed to perpetuate *Antigone*, which did not meet with entire success. The St. Louis people think it

rather too much that they should be asked to contribute \$50,000 for the privilege of alter-

native performances.

They say they are willing to pay any

sum for admission to see and hear any company of a high order, but they draw the line at

paying a big bonus, besides.



KYRLE BELLEW.

you must erect improved tenement-houses." I don't think I ever saw Mr. Adler on any metaphysical, dogmatical political or aesthetic occasion that he wasn't erecting improved tenement-houses in his mind.

It is painful to see a man of his scope chained to one idea so crudely.

It is, on the other hand, painful to see a woman like Fortescue unchanged.

On the whole the performance of Frou Frou at the Lyceum was curiously illustrative of the incorrigible English ignorance of America. The density of that ignorance is something abominable in theatrical matters. The prevailing notion there is that America is a place utterly destitute of all knowledge of stage art, but willing to pay the highest price for the cheapest goods so long as they bear an English trade-mark. No other explanation will account for the exportation of the Violet Cameron party with its British suffix of aristocracy;

delicate originality and pure comedy we were far ahead of them.

It will take Mr. Wilson Barrett a full season to understand that, instead of *consolidating* America with simple English superiority, he has been quietly classed with our second-rate actors.

There is considerable indignation in the London clubs over this impudent independence. The pigs of the *Society Access* can not understand the denied stupidity of the Yankees who undertake to set up an actor whose credit is made out in the Strand.

It might be equally difficult for them to comprehend how the best stars of Germany come

straight to New York now without touching at London docks (as, for example, Sonnenthal), and German opera is raging here with an

affluence and a splendor never surpassed in

Vienna and Berlin, and certainly never at

tempted on the Thames Embankment.

nobler Delibesian maxim that ought to be worked all over Sarony's studio—to wit:

"There is only one pose—and that's *repose*!"

On Monday night I was at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House. I stayed there about half an hour. The Queen of Sheba does not enchant me, and I had sat it out religiously on several former occasions. So after satisfying myself that the social and not the musical side of the event was to be celebrated, I took a hark and made a straight dash to the Brooklyn Park Theatre to see Mr. Keller's play,

Tangled Lives.

Mr. Keller is a young newspaper man of ex-

cellent education and most admirable personal qualities. He read me his play long before it

was produced, and his modest estimate of his

own work, together with the obvious desire to

do something that would not only be success-

ful in a theatrical sense, but worthy in a liter-

ary sense, won my respect.

At the Theatres.

LYCEUM THEATRE—FROU-FROU.	
Paul De Valreas	Charles Sugden
Brigard	W. H. Crompton
Baroness De Cambis	John Findlay
Baroness De Cambis	Kate Hodson
Patrice	Grace Hall
Lorraine	Miss Crowther
Gilberte	Miss Fortescue

We believe that the version of MM. Meilhac and Halevy's *Frou-Frou*, in which Miss Fortescue presented herself at the Lyceum on Monday night, was arranged by that lady herself. It is by no means so strong and symmetrical as the adaptation to which New Yorkers have been accustomed in years past. However, it sufficiently enables Miss Fortescue to show her capabilities in a direction somewhat different than *Gretchen*. In the first and second acts the lady really did some very refined and clever acting. With dexterous power she outlined the frivolous and silly nature of the heroine, and sustained those characteristics by means of a variety of dainty and delicate shadings. It was only in this phase of the character, however, that Miss Fortescue satisfied the artistic sense. When it came to delineating suspicion, anger, jealousy and passion in the fourth act, which is the crucial test of the presonator's ability, her efforts were either weak and inadequate or cheap and noisy. There is in Miss Fortescue's efforts to portray the violent emotions, a singular combination of what is called in the slang vernacular "jokiness," and a desire to produce a sort of cyclonic disturbance. In the scene where Gilberte overwhelms her sister Louise with angry reproaches, Miss Fortescue shrieked in alternate contralto and falsetto with such loudness and indistinctness as to confuse the mind and deafen the hearing apparatus. Only bad language was necessary to give the spectator the idea that he was witnessing an altercation between a maddened fish-wife and a customer who had tried to get the better of her. There, too, was lack of pathos in the final act which even the most ordinary actress ought certainly to be able to make affecting. Judging from the superiority of Miss Fortescue's acting in the first and second acts as above alluded to, we should not be surprised if she should prove quite successful were she to essay the walks of high comedy. She cannot thrill us and she cannot make us cry; we are not sure that she cannot make us laugh.

Her support was, on the whole, very good. Charles Sugden gave an easy and natural performance of *De Sartorys*, and quite redeemed the unfavorable impression created by his Mephisto. Brigard received excellent treatment at the hands of W. H. Crompton. Kate Hodson was almost too amiable for the scheming and mischievous Baroness De Cambis, while Miss Crowther, despite a certain awkwardness of manner, played Louise sweetly. There is not a word to be said in praise of Mr. Terry's *De Valreas*. He was stiff, angular, imperious and generally ineffective. The play was very neatly mounted. *Frou-Frou* will continue to occupy Miss Fortescue's attention for some time to come.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—SOPHIA.

Tom Jones	Kyle Bellows
Squire Western	Harry Edwards
Partridge	Charles Groves
Blifil	E. J. Henley
Mr. Allworthy	W. J. Constantine
Square	Daniel Leeson
George Seagrim	Creston Clarke
Sophia	Miss Ponsonby
Miss Tabitha Western	Katherine Rogers
Lady Bellaston	Carrie Coote
Mrs. Seagrim	Kate Bartlett

As we more than half expected, Robert Buchanan has lost the spirit of Fielding and emasculated the ingredients of "Tom Jones" in the dramatization of that famous novel which was brought out last Thursday night at Wallack's. Mr. Buchanan is a literary iconoclast; he has no respect for the sanctity of greatness. He would dramatize the Koran if he thought anybody cared to see it. He has attempted the foolish and impudent task of denuding a classic book of the genius of its author's touch, and, huddling its bare bones into a bag, throwing them at the public to be sniffed and gnawed at.

Fielding's masterpiece, aside from its literary interest, is chiefly valuable as an authentic picture of English life at the time in which the action is laid. There is no question about the naturalness of the scenes any more than there is about the human strength of the story and the characteristic and contrasted types formed by the leading actors. It is, of course, impossible to transfer Western's vulgar language to the stage, as it would be an outrage to decency to reproduce some of the salient incidents that go to make Fielding's work a substantial, symmetrical structure. Buchanan tells how Johnson replied when he was asked his opinion of a purified Shakespeare for public representation: "Purified, forsooth! Why, half the enjoyment of the plover is the little trail on the toast."

And so it is with "Tom Jones." Our refined or effeminate stomach is too delicate for the blunt truth of a Fielding. We must have our fish gilded and sweetened ere we can swallow it. We will rive over the adulterous dramas of the French when we will rush in horror from the ingeniously direct comedies of Congreve and Farquhar. In other words, we no longer will tolerate the calling of a spade a spade. Mr. Buchanan tries ineffectually to call it something else. And so he has renamed "Tom Jones" to glued-like consistency and removed in many cases the foundation stones on which the story rests.

In his labor of dramatization Mr. Buchanan has brought very little skill and less taste. The language is poverty-stricken and the situation border on the ridiculous. The first scene received the play with indifference, probably because it was entitled to according bad merits.

Mr. Wallack's company gave the play a first-rate representation but even their well-directed efforts were unsatisfactory. Mr. E. J. Constantine, who has a good voice, sang with the female basses his gay songs in the cigar shop windows to the accompaniment of Mr. Bellows' costume and piano. Aside from this his performance was only moderately good and respectable—nothing to be regretted. Miss McAlister was very intelligent and resourceful as Kate Denby, delivering her lines discreetly and cutting a handsome figure.

choice vocabulary. Charles Groves made a hit with his clever personation of Partridge, the educated barber that stands Tom's friend Blifil was played by Mr. Henley in the same deliberate, mechanical style that this actor is accustomed to in everything he undertakes. Square, Seagrim and Allworthy were very well acted by Messrs. Leeson, Creston Clarke and Constantine, respectively. Miss Ponsonby was a charming Sophia, and Miss Tabitha pleased the critical mind. Miss Rogers was effective as the dashing and amorous Lady Bellaston. The stage was beautifully set. When Sophia has run its course, Sister Mary will be brought forward.

Hartley Campbell's *Siberia* was presented on Monday night to a moderate audience at Niblo's after a long tour on the road, which has worn off all the color from the scenery and fossilized many of the company into noisy staginess. This well-known play is so full of exciting dramatic situations that if played with only a modicum of skill it must be attractive, while it undoubtedly presents many opportunities for the highest range of artistic ability which were almost wholly neglected by the company. It was evident that from playing nearly a thousand nights, sometimes before non-critical and uncultured audiences, the company had as a body acquired the habit of playing to the gods who were on the occasion vociferous in their approval. Those who sought for the finer touches of art were doomed to disappointment with but one or two exceptions. Of these the first in order to be mentioned was Charles W. Butler, whose impersonation of Michael Trotsky is a finished and droll performance, showing him to be a comedian of a high order of merit. The next in importance was Forrest Robinson's Nicolai Naigoff, a well sustained and strongly rendered character. Charles B. Waite acted the repulsive part of Michael Sparta in a strange, crouching attitude, for which it was difficult to find a meaning, unless it was intended as an imitation of the Tetrarch in *Claudian*, which was itself charged to be an imitation of Henry Irving's mannerism. John Dailey as Jaracoff, the licentious and cruel Governor, who is responsible for the abduction of Sara and the massacre of the Jews, sustained his role with ease, though by no means attaining to the light and shade the part admits. Ivan Nordoff was fairly rendered by George F. Nash, but with much color. The part of Sara, which is full of great opportunities, was filled respectably by Adele Belgarde. She, however, like all the rest of the actresses in the piece, falls into the error of supposing that hideous shrieks like railway whistles form an artistic method of expressing terror. To the inexperienced playgoer the whole play, as rendered on Monday, furnished an evidence of the debasing effect of long runs on the road. A fine play was given by a well-balanced company, most of whom showed in places that they had the power, with study, to make it a remarkable piece of deep human interest, yet not one of the company (except Mr. Butler and Frankie McClellan) was wholly free from the claptrap acting which appears to the back benches. The spectacular arrangements of the crowds and groups were very good, notably the riot against the Jews, the palace scene and the revolt of the convicts at the mine.

A large audience greeted Robson and Crane in the spectacular presentation of *The Comedy of Errors* at the People's Theatre on Monday night. The play was staged with the splendid scenery and surrounded with the classic accuracy in detail which achieved such success on its production at the Star Theatre in the early part of last season. The Odeum of Ephesus, with the beautiful Ionian city in perspective, in the first act, and the Harbor of Ephesus, in the second, are master pieces of the scene-painter's art. The dance of the Bacchantes and the chorals of the priestesses of Daina were pleasing features of the great comedy. The mirth-provoking *contretemps* of the Dromios delighted the audience, and the appearance of Mr. Crane or Mr. Robson was the signal for laughter or applause. The supporting company was exceptionally strong. H. A. Langdon was a vigorous and efficient Aegeon, the aged merchant of Syracuse. Clarence Handyside, as Antipholus at Syracuse, and William Harris, as Antipholus of Ephesus, were graceful in action and finished in the reading of their lines. Selena Fetter's impersonation of Adriana was stately and spirited, while Alice Brown was charming as Luciana. May Waldron made a statuesque and beautiful Phryne. Next week, *The Silver King*.

The Third Avenue was fairly attended on Monday night, when T. J. Farron appeared in Montgomery Phister's farce, *A Soap Bubble*. The piece is modelled after the Charles H. Hoyt series, and, like them, depends solely upon the ability of the performers to interest and amuse. The dialogue is as transparent and unstable as the title, but fortunately Mr. Farron and his associates are able to keep the fun at boiling point by their individual efforts. The star was neat and pleasing in his various specialties, albeit his singing was somewhat less agreeable than usual, owing to a severe cold. Mr. Farron was encroached, however, many times. Gracie Emmet is a bright and pretty soubrette. She was a pleasant feature of the performance as La Dodge. E. J. Constantine contributed to the general enjoyment by his capital knockabout comedy work in the barber shop scene. Next week, Frederick Waite.

The Howard Atheneum Sist Specialty company, one of the most popular vaudeville or excursions on the road, opened to a packed house at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Monday night. The Howard Atheneum company is a strong troupe and in New York, always presents a diversified programme of novelties, and with no vacant seats at Tony Pastor's.

It is to be regretted that the presentation of *Aladdin* on Saturday by Phlora McAlister and her company at the Windsor on Monday night, the play was excellently performed and effectively managed. Miss McAlister was very intelligent and resourceful as Kate Denby, delivering her lines discreetly and cutting a handsome figure.

figure. Harry Duffield's *Walter Lee*, M. J. Jordan's Maguire, and Annie Shindel's Bella were satisfactory efforts. Miss McAlister has a good working company. If it contains no great names it at least does good work, and that is more than can be said of some more pretentious touring combinations. *Storm-Heaten* next week.

The *Silver King* is being played at the Grand Opera House this week by the Hedley and Harrison company. The performance of this organization has received notice a number of times in these columns. The audiences are large and appreciative.

Edwin Booth has thus far had a tremendous engagement at the Star. The theatre has been crowded nightly. On Saturday evening he acted *Hercule* in *The Fool's Revenge* to an audience whose enthusiasm was unbounded. We have never seen this superb personation to more advantage and with better surroundings. Mr. Booth thrilled and electrified the assemblage by the terrible intensity of his acting in the third act. The scenery was good, the dresses beautiful, the company in excellent form and the representation smooth. Since Tuesday Mr. Booth has been too ill to play, but his reappearance in *Richeleu* is expected this evening.

The O'Reagans is reaping a harvest of applause and profit at the Park. Mr. Harrigan's comedy, his individual acting and that of his company are most enjoyable.

Mr. Boucicault will perform *The Jilt* at the Standard Theatre until Saturday night. The comedy has drawn fair houses. On Monday next Rosina Vokes is expected to begin an engagement, but there appears to be some doubt whether she will be sufficiently recovered from her recent illness. The management, nevertheless, announce the talented soubrette's *entrée* in very positive terms.

Jim the Penman is the most pronounced success in Mr. Palmer's experience at the Madison Square. The drama, its admirable representation and faultless setting are attracting the attention and patronage of our most discriminating play-goers.

Little Jack Sheppard is holding favor tenaciously at the Bijou, despite of malicious rumors that the attendance is waning, and Mr. Goodwin contemplates turning up shortly in the English farce-comedy, *Turned Up*. Jack Sheppard, in all probability, is destined to remain a fixture a great part of the season.

Keep It Dark is to be succeeded at Poole's Theatre next Monday night by Roland Read in his amusing farce, *Humbug*.

The minstrels on the stage of Dockstader's continue to embody all that is clever and entertaining in this line of entertainment, and the houses are consequently maintained at a prosperous and mirthful pitch.

M. B. Curtis is delighting crowds with *Caught in a Corner* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mr. Curtis is not only supplying merriment to New York this week, but light to New York's Harbor. Miss Liberty would be shrouded in darkness were it for the comedian's combined business enterprise and patriotism.

The Musical Mirror.

After a loud flourish of trumpets, after some marked successes, with a prima donna assoluta who was universally allowed to be charming, both as singer and actress, and with a favorite tenor, a competent basso, and a capital baritone—Angelo's grand Italian Opera company has collapsed. It cannot be said that the public would not have opera in Italian, for the public went numerously at first, and was most appreciative and good-natured. On the first night we heard on all sides warm congratulations on the return of Italian opera—reminiscences of the golden days of Brignoli, Amidio, Marini, Lagrange, Testa, etc., were bandied about, and anticipations of like delights were freely indulged in. Even the trashy music and dull book of Petrella's *Ion* could not quite obscure the operatic atmosphere, and many, ourselves included, came away with the pleasant sensation of having met an old and valued friend, whom we had missed; a little aged, slightly worn, but still most welcome to us. When Mme. Valda appeared in *Un Ballo* in *Maschera* it seemed as if youth, beauty and voice had come together upon the stage. A pretty woman, a lovely voice, a charming singer, and an excellent actress—what more was wanted to ensure success? Just what the management, blind and stupid, did not give us—an acceptable repertoire. In this country, or in England, nobody ever wanted to see or hear *Lombard*, *I Du Foscari*, and all that job lot of perfumery works got up for carnival time in Italy, and for opera houses which are used far more as lounges for the attire of society, and meeting-places for lovers, than as temples of true art. In Italy people go to the opera to pass the evening with their acquaintances. The music is listened to when a new singer or composer appears or a favorite artist has the stage. But, except under such circumstances, everybody hats, angles and laughs just as they would in a drawing room. So the intrinsic dullness of an opera may not be absolutely fatal, as it is here. Here, we go to the opera to be amused. There, they go to amuse themselves. In this lies the whole secret. Besides, in this country we have no *Scapin* and *Scapin* made a bourgeois of him. Old and married, *Scapin* sees a suitor crowding around the house for the heart and hand of his only daughter, *Lizette*. This suitor, *Floris*, is accompanied by his valet, *Tristan*, and endeavors to cut out *Barnabé*, a lawyer's clerk, whom *Scapin* has chosen for *Suzette*. In brief, *Monsieur Scapin* is suddenly taken with a desire to renew the pranks which in his younger days had made him famous. So he gives *Tristan* all sorts of points that the valet uses against his master's rival. The two *Coquelins* are wonderfully fine in this piece, and on seeing the marvelous acting of the elder brother I could not help thinking what an irreparable loss the *Comédie Française* is to sustain at the close of next month.

The *Mikado* is doing well, as usual, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. No operetta since *Pinafore* has shown such persistent life as this Japanese eccentricity, and the present company plays it for all that it is worth. Perhaps a little less of the burlesque element would be well, but we must not be too captious. It is an excellent performance all through, and the crowded houses attest its popularity.

So we are to have the favorite *Ermine* back at the Casino. "Cead mille failte," as the Gaelic has it. To welcome the coming and speed the parting guest is true courtesy, and we bid a kindly farewell to a company that, had not unfortunate circumstances marred its chance of success, and had a better piece been the vehicle for its introduction, might have had better luck. But the Earl and the Commodore between them killed all chance. We have often expressed ourselves plainly as to the cackling gossiped of some of our contemporaries, and we renew our protest against the caddish mixing up of private with public things. It is a remnant of provincialism, and our good city of Gotham must get rid of such pettiness before she can claim her just rank as a metropolis. Scandal flourishes in country towns—cities should smile superior. Besides, those who live in glass houses should beware how they throw stones, and we ought to cleanse our own Augean stables before we cry out at foreign taint. Meanwhile, welcome back Frank Wilson, Pauline Hall and all their associates, and better luck to *Violet Cameron* and hers.

Koster and Bial is doing right well, spite of all prohibitory laws. The new burlesque has caught on finely, and the artists engaged in it are universal favorites.

So long as the musical *histrion* at Buckstader's Minstrels holds to its present standard of excellence will that institution continue to thrive. Jose Pepper, McWade and Nohles make a quartette the like of which is not to be found elsewhere, and the quality of the music is of equal excellence.

disposse of that manager will assuredly come to grief to print new books to a profit than to sell old ones at a loss. Fifteen cents for a book and ten dollars injury to the season is poor calculation, and it seems to us that this was the policy adopted by Signor Angelo and his associates. Had we not more of Un Ballo, Aida, Faust, *Alceste*, *La Gioconda*, *Trovatore* and the like, and more of Mme. Valda, less of Lombard, *I Du Foscari*, and less of the overripe and faded prime donne who quavered their uncertain tones in lugubrious tones, the result would have been far different. In short, we had had light, youth and freshness instead of gloom, age and decay. The Italian opera season might have been a profit and a pleasure instead of a loss and a waste. We are very sorry that our old and beloved friend, Italian Opera, should have been so severely treated by her foster-parents, and sincerely hope to see her yet cherished into life by proper treatment.

Never was a more appropriate choice of an opera wherewith to open the season at the German Opera House than that of Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*. It is eminently a plodder work. It glistens with gold, sparkles with jewels, glories with gaudiness of purple and scarlet, and so appeals to the taste of our New York merchant princes and railway kings and their wives and daughters and dudes in the most irresistible fashion. There is an Oriental sensuousness in the music, in the story, in the stage setting that carries us into a land flowing with milk and honey, not unmixed with wine and rich meats, for Solomon lived before Mahomet, the reformer, and people got drunk in his time even in the temperate East. Nevertheless Goldmark is not a poet-musician any more than a decorative artist is a poet-painter. He is merely a colorist, very rich and gorgeous we freely admit, but still a mere layer on of slate of paint cunningly contrasted and deftly mingled, but with no more underlying vein of poetry than there is in the mechanical changes of a kaleidoscope, or an electric prismatic fountain, or a display of fireworks, or a rich woman's *parure* of jewels, or any thing else that is merely gorgeous.

Indeed, we scarcely see how anything like true poetic art could be infused into the merely sensuous and sensual scenes of the life of Solomon the King, if we take the record as a literal history of men, women and things, and not as a solar myth, allegorically. Solomon as a man is a more luxurious, crafty, sensual, Oriental despot. As a sun-god he is a fountain of wealth, wisdom and happiness. Goldmark and his librettist take the Hebraistic view, of course, and dress it in appropriately Semitic words and music, and we have a feast of the senses—not of the reason—a flow of matter, not of soul. But there is pleasure in all this, and pleasure of a kind well suited to the tastes of the guests at the banquet. Besides, the viands are admirably dressed and grandly served.

The new prima donna, Förster-Herbert, made a deep and a favorable impression. Her voice is rich and voluminous, her figure stately and her action grand. Lehmann, Brandt, Alvarly and Robinson were as good as last year, and that is surely saying quite enough. The band was excellent, under the capable direction of Seidl. Cavalazzi and her ballet were the poetry of motion, and the scenery was so absolutely perfect that we can find no peg on which to hang criticism. The performance was as a rich setting to a very brilliant piece of paste.

The *Mikado* is doing well, as usual, at the Casino. "Cead mille failte," as the Gaelic has it. To welcome the coming and speed the parting guest is true courtesy, and we bid a kindly farewell to a company that, had not unfortunate circumstances marred its chance of success, and had a better piece been the vehicle for its introduction, might have had better luck. But the Earl and the Commodore between them killed all chance. We have often expressed ourselves plainly as to the cackling gossiped of some of our contemporaries, and we renew our protest against the caddish mixing up of private with public things. It is a remnant of provincialism, and our good city of Gotham must get rid of such pettiness before she can claim her just rank as a metropolis. Scandal flourishes in country towns—cities should smile superior. Besides, those who live in glass houses should beware how they throw stones, and we ought to cleanse our own Augean stables before we cry out at foreign taint. Meanwhile, welcome back Frank Wilson, Pauline Hall and all their associates, and better luck to *Violet Cameron* and hers.

So we are to have the favorite *Ermine* back at the Casino. "Cead mille failte," as the Gaelic has it. To welcome the coming and speed the parting guest is true courtesy, and we bid a kindly farewell to a company that, had not unfortunate circumstances marred its chance of success

The Giddy Gusher.



The Gusher has boarded till she feels like a circus-poster, and this Fall she got enamored of recently-built flats. Landlords got hold of her, and it was lovely to listen to their eloquence. Going down to see the places and reading the signs on the dead walls and rocks, she got the high-flown descriptions so mixed that she isn't prepared to say if it's one of the Araminta Flats or Tough's Liver Pills that has an elevator and steam heat in, but she thinks one of the top flats would be good to move a torpid liver.

I went with one landlord to look at his newly-erected apartments, and he stopped at the door and gave me the key. I knew in a moment why he didn't accompany me when I saw the flat. The man was three feet in diameter, and the private hall was two feet four. What a cosy place it was! The parlor had a tiled fireplace, and a sofa placed against the wall opposite would be near enough to allow you to put your feet on the fender. The kitchen was so near the parlor you could sit on the piano stool and gaze the turkey in the range. The bath was a darling. The floor had some kind of cement or linoleum put down so that when you took one leg out of the tub and put in the other, the water didn't necessarily leak through upon your neighbor's dining room table. A ton of coal would last all Winter, as the range held about a tea-cup full at a time.

I noticed a little strip of highly decorated wood in one or two of the rooms—which on inspection proved to be the clothes-press doors and the entrances to the china closets. They did not admit the head and arm at the same time. You had to put your head in first and look where the thing was, and then put your arm in and get it. The chandeliers were stuck full of glass garnets and emeralds and porcelain opals.

There was as much fine gilt gingerbread in a room as you find on a jewel box; but I couldn't find a space of three feet along the walls to run a sofa or a piano in.

I finished my inspection and returned to the cheerful landlord, who awaited me on the four-inch doorstep.

"How do you like it?" asked he, with a self-satisfied smile. "Compact, cosy, isn't it?"

"How do you get the furniture in?" I returned for answer.

"The usual way, of course."

"I've got a Weber upright," said I. "He's wide through his midriff by some inches than that doll-baby corridor of yours."

"Most fashionable pianos come now with a variable cut-off," said that lovely landlord.

"With a what?" I snorted.

"The key boards come off."

"Come off!" I echoed.

"We have a good deal of furniture that can be taken apart for the convenience of removal."

"I should suppose so," said I. "You couldn't open a jack knife in that parlor, and a second help to pudding would make you a prisoner in the dining room for twenty-four hours, sure."

But at last I found a flat where the landlord was his own agent, and he had built the place big enough to go in and collect the rents, and I took it and went down town to furnish it. The big things were soon accomplished, but when I struck a department called "house-hunting" I just sat down nonplussed. A bloated bank book wouldn't buy the half that I was told was a labor-saving necessity. The patent things that I "must have" would fill a truck—potato-peeler, apple-peeler, nutmeg-grater, egg-beaters, raisin-stoners, coffee-grinders, lemon-squeezers, fruit-covers. At twenty-five cents apiece they came, by mental arithmetic, plus up to the price of a sealskin coat. After toaks have been married so many years they begin to have tin, wooden, glass, silver, and gold anniversaries, and handy epochs I should think they would be. But, married or single, when you go to keeping house you want to have a gametack festival, when it shall be the duty of friends to buy some tin rinkum to fill a long-felt want.

I mean to impress on my constituents the importance of sending the Gusher a peeler, or a stonner, or a smasher, or a squeezer at once, and I expect to find the Minkok office blocked up with the recent inventions of man for the delectation of women.

I was talking with a Bostonian, the other day, and he gave me a glowing account of Barrett (Wilson B.) at some dinner, and a recitation, "Gone with a Handsome." Of course that's getting as bad as *dear* McCullough's "Little Stowaway," or

Hero," I forgot which. You always got that from John, though he knew some other piece I remember one night a lot of John's kind were together and they got to speaking pieces, and John got on his hind legs and assumed a reflective air. He raised his hand and opened that handsome mouth with the slow, sweet smile peculiar to him. I just doubled my fist and said, "If it's that 'Little Stowaway' again—." And John began. I don't know what it was, but I think he recited all those sonnets bound up with Shakespeare's plays.

It was heavy as lead and dreary as a Winter's day. On and on went the recitation. He warmed a little and raised his head like a horse who sees the stable-door invitingly near. We all rallied and evinced an interest which we felt in hearing the end. No—on went John, his resonant, sonorous voice shaking up the four and five syllabled words. He took a sentence like a five-barred gate. "Home stretch," we murmured. Not much; it was a rush for wind—he had doubled on us and was coming down in a fresh opening sort of chorus that made us faint and weak. Some one took out a watch; another yawned. John looked at the chandelier and never winked. I never heard so much long-metre verse of heroic proportions in my life. Finally it struck me I'd pay some attention. The couplets were getting very familiar. Sure enough, there were but six verses of ten lines each, and every time he got through 'em he began all over—as Wallack used to make twenty-five men do a whole regiment in ours, by flying round a set piece and falling right in behind again.

Recitations are awful bores, unless folks do as Harry Edwards does—get up in a new one for every festive occasion.

I belonged to a club a few years ago, where at the meetings it was incumbent on everyone to do something new. One day there was an excursion planned, and there were two ladies short, owing to some misunderstanding about time and place. I was ordered to bring in two recruits to fill the ranks. On one block I captured Laura Don and Jeffreys Lewis.

"You'll be expected to sing, tell a story or give a recitation," said I, on the road to the hall of dazzling light where we held high festival.

There were a host of bright and clever people assembled, and, after many good songs and clever stories, some one called on Jeffreys Lewis, and she responded by reciting "The Bridge of Sighs" as no one of us ever heard it done before. All eyes had been directed to Miss Lewis, and amid the outburst of applause that followed some one said, "Now, Miss Don, it's your turn."

"I've done it," said Laura, as she turned from the window and pinned upon the wall a chalk drawing of Lewis—as clever a likeness and striking a picture as a week's time would enable an ordinary artist to produce.

What a talented woman poor Don was! It seems to me, as I recall most of the brilliant people living in New York ten years ago, that the most of 'em are dead.

One of the brightest stars in burlesque opera at that time was a pretty, good-hearted creature with a fine voice and quite a little dramatic ability. She accumulated enough money to live on, and then, amid unaccustomed indolence, she got into the way of using stimulants to an injurious extent. She has been in the habit of visiting the hotel where your Gusher lived, and, in company with a gentlewoman to whom she was warmly attached, would sit in the parlors and sing and play for hours.

Many a time, at all hours, I have heard her voice and the merriment of her companion.

Finally this summer she sickened and died, just before her death she married the gentleman who had been so attentive to her, and I read her marriage and death in the same paper.

Just one week from the day these events were simultaneously published, a sudden row in the hotel parlor announced the arrival of some city Arabs. That poor piano with whom I have so often sympathized was attacked by the musical fiend that seems to pursue it with relentless malignity. "White Wings" was warbled two blocks off the key. "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" was done in the lamest manner. "The Jolly Brothers" moved me to tears. When a stentorian and familiar voice struck up some darkey melody, the unhappy piano groaned in unison. Then came the pat-pat of a juba-dance, and some very energetic break-down steps shook the end of the hotel.

For two mortal hours this discordant pantomime was kept up, when, passing the open parlor door, who did I see but the widower executing a war dance and prancing about the room, whereby the one lady will be enabled to indulge her passion for "slumming" and the other may perchance find in the haven of matrimony a refuge from the storms of single cursedness.

This is a very pretty arrangement as it stands, and it is easy to see what complications a constructor of Mr. Pinero's ingenuity might evolve from it. Less easy is it to understand how the high-toned Mother of the Modern Drama consented to connect herself with a notion which requires a Criterion atmosphere for its proper exploitation. However, if she doesn't mind it, well, then, in Chapter II. Sentiment is turned on. Bric, the curate, a handsome young muscular Christian, falls head over ears in love with the supposed Miss Maxim, and is promptly chucked from his curacy because the rector's wife is scandalized by such "goings on." Meanwhile Jermyn has advertised for a sporting clergymen to act as warden of his home for delayed sports, and Mrs. J. has successfully pouted and schemed to get Bric appointed to the post—another pretty little arrangement which suggests more than it expresses, though to the pure all things being pace, it doesn't matter so much at the St. James as it would elsewhere. On the trouble which ensues presently I need not enlarge. Old J. comes back unexpectedly and catches the curate pouring his love tales into Mrs. J.'s ears. This is done in a dark room, so the husband doesn't recognize his wife. The exposition of Chapter III. is the cruel awakening of the unfortunate young curate from his dream of love, and it was the incongruity of this mixture of farce and tragedy which jarred upon the audience on Saturday, with the result above stated.

Well, during the manufacture of this Gusher the subscriber has become a householder. She wiped her face on a pillow this morning and ate her breakfast on the stationery table. She found saffron dressing in the coal scuttle and sweetened her tea with salt. She has stepped with a tin boiler under her noble head, as not a pillow could be found. She has smashed her thumb with a stove after trying to make pale toilet articles which are headed up in barrels. She has suffered from a fit of the blues, and she has your

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Oct. 25.

St. James' Theatre, the high-toned temple of dramatic art, which is really presided over by the Mother of the Modern Drama (though the ostensible and responsible lessees and managers are Messrs. Hare and Kendal), was reopened with great splendor on Saturday night, all the brilliant and fashionable who had been able to cadge tickets from the busy and mity acting manager turning up with praiseworthy punctuality. Some of the elements of a surprise-party were not wanting at this solemn function, but of these more anon. No one was surprised to find A. W. Pinero's new and original play, *The Hobby-Horse*, original as well as new. One may not always approve of the direction which Pinero's originality takes, but you can't get away from it. His strong suit is extravagant humor, and when he plays it in the form of broad farce he scores all the time, as witness *The Magistrate* and, in a minor degree, *The Schoolmistress*. But when the ingenious Mr. P. essays the higher comedy vein and imparts a serious element into his work the result is occasionally confusing. You can't be sure whether he is in earnest or not, and hence kind friends in front get an idea that the author is giving his own creation and (by implication) them also, and they don't like it, and sometimes they signify the same in the usual manner.

On Saturday some of the unfashionables and non-brilliants who had paid for admission to the pit and gallery discovered ere the finish "a divided duty" in this connection. Not merely did they refrain from swelling the chorus of adulation which is (by the management) considered *de rigueur* at this theatre; the voice of the bird which saved the Capitol ominously asserted itself, and though its sound was eventually overborne by the plaudits of less severe critics, it is impossible to deny that those stern pitites had reason for the faith which was in them—and all because the author would not at the outset make up his mind what he would be at.

The Hobby-Horse is a story told in three chapters, respectively labelled *Philanthropy*, *Sentiment and Expiation*. Chapter I. is bright, bustling and irresistibly comic. Mr. Jermyn, a jerky, peppery little widower with a grown-up son, marries a young woman of, as the police reporters say, "considerable personal attractions." He is mad on horse-racing. She is hogs on philanthropy in general and slumming in particular. Wherefore, she would found a Home for Homeless Children, her husband (as she complains) having provided none for their own nursery. There is an old farm house on their estate which would be just the thing. Jermyn doesn't mind starting the Home, but insists that it shall be for decayed jockeys and old sports—a luminous notion highly creditable to Pinero's inventive faculty. Mr. Pinching is Jermyn's lawyer. Miss Moxon is Mrs. Jermyn's friend and guest. Miss Moxon is eager for matrimony. Miss Moxon is due in London, where she has been engaged as companion to the niece of an East end curate, who is going away for a holiday. Of course she would rather stay and capture Pinching. What is to be done? Jermyn has gone to Paris to see the *Grand Prix* run. The artful spinster proposes that Mrs. Jermyn shall personate her, and for the time being take her place in the East end curate's home, whereby the one lady will be enabled to indulge her passion for "slumming" and the other may perchance find in the haven of matrimony a refuge from the storms of single cursedness.

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from the cast, for which relief sincere thanks was offered up by those who had expected that "Madge" and "Willy" would continue to historically emulate *Derby and Joan* forever and ever. Mrs. Kendal played Mrs. Jermyn, and, barring that she seemed overcome with surprise at allowing herself to drift into such compromising situations, played very well. Mr. Hare as Old Jermyn was just in his element, and delighted everybody. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree made a big hit as the husband-hunting spinster, and Mr. Mackintosh caused much merriment by his portrayal of a decayed sport. The unfortunate young curate, Bric, was represented in a very manly and characteristic fashion by Mr. Waring. Hence the sympathy went the wrong way, and hence, in some measure, the disapproval shown by some of the audience. The Hobby-Horse, though not perhaps a success in the best sense of the word, is, at all events, a very clever and humorous piece—and indeed Pinero's failures are better than some people's successes.

Last Thursday evening your Miss Grace Hawthorne duly appeared at our Olympic in Miss Multon rechristened for present purposes *The Governess*. A large consignment of London "Americans" was ordered in; we, who are English, you know, were fully prepared to accord a warm welcome to the little lady and her venture. But alas! we all spent a very dreary evening, save when some speech or bit of business intended to be taken in the serious aroused feelings that were far otherwise. Seeing that Miss Multon has so often been inflicted upon you and your fellow-citizens by the Great Clara Morris and her many would-be imitators, I abstain from giving you any details regarding the piece itself, except to say that it has also been tried here several times, and that its dreariness has always prevented its rising to the regions of success. I cannot think how Miss Hawthorne came to begin her season here with it, for not only is it a bad play (according to English and American tastes), but Miss H. lacks the necessary strength and variety for so long and arduous a character.

The chief scorers in the piece were the two children, who have so much to say. These were admirably played by little Phoebe Carlo and the smaller Queenie Norman. Next to these the buxom blonde, Olga Brandon (just returned from your shores), was best. She played the second wife, whom the uncomfortable and unreasoning Miss Multon bulldozed roundly ever and anon. The mento, chief of whom were George Temple and Stanislaus Calhaem, did not have much chance, but they did their best. Some welcome fun was served up before *The Governess* began, in the shape of *The Little Rebel*, capably played by Lydia Cowell, the wife of James Mortimer, who is, I believe, a fellow citizen of yours.

The principal unconsciously funny points were: 1, the mass of snow-white woolly hair worn by Miss Hawthorne to indicate that grief had affected her; 2, the mass of white powder on her face for the same purpose; 3, the cool way in which she let wig down in order to practice madness before a mirror; 4, her strange little fairy-like skip around when moved to give off pathos; and 5, her attempting to show by amazed action before the curtain that she could not credit that the lavish amount of flowers shied at her on to the stage, or handed up by the leader of the band, were intended for her.

A. C. Calmire, formerly private secretary to the Great W. G. Wills, but lately a dabbler in dramatic work for himself, poured another upon some unfortunate matinees at the Strand on Monday. Hitherto Calmire has chiefly confined himself to one act black-verse dramas and comedies in which he showed, in addition to some slight fancy, that he had caught something of his ex master's habit of giving off speeches in ten-syllable lengths. But on Monday this certainly clever but far too self conscious youth went in for four acts all at once, and made them all morbid and mournful. Hence these tears! The leading part, Elsa Dene, after whom the play is named, was played, or, rather, attempted to be played, by Agnes Hewitt, an attractive young damsel who used to stand in the crowd in burlesque under Hollingshead at the Gaiety. Of late, however, having found favor in high and moneyed quarters, she spent a bit on this piece. Whether she will see her money back is an open question. Before she buys another play, I should advise her to take a long course of lessons in serious acting. And so, exit Elsa Dene.

At the Strand, on the evening of the same day, Edward Compton and company revived *The School for Scandal*. Edward assuming the part of Charles Surface for the first time in London. It is not a great performance, but it is certainly much better than his *Garrick* or his *Acres*, and so for this relief much thanks Compton is, to my thinking (as I have told you before), very clever in some parts. Rover and Godfitch to wit; but this season he has so until now scored worth a cent. The Lady Teazie of the Strand show is Angela Feniton (otherwise Mrs. Colonel Greenall). She is very small, but very pretty and plentifully supplied with brightness, which serves in some measure to conceal the fact that she is inexperienced. At her debut made at a Vaudeville matinee a year or so ago, she started all and sundry (especially sundry) by dressing Porina (in the *Merchant of Venice* trial scene) in tights, just as though Porina were a "principally boy" in a burlesque. As the limbs she displayed so lavishly were, however, generally well shaped, a good many forgave her. But the *Lord* man commented very strongly on the said lady's legs, remarking that a lady sitting by described said legs as a "full color" at the knee. Whereupon Colonel Greenall wrote to the *Lord* and demanded to know of description of his wife's legs came within the scope of dramatic criticism. Since then Miss Feniton has played bits of *Rosaline* and all *Frou Frou*, but she has not really scored until now.

Harry Paulton, who lately descended upon New York in order to produce his and Jakobowski's *Eminie*, produced at the Savoy yesterday a strange and incomprehensible hotch-potch which he called "An English Comedy." He also called it Noah's Ark, without the least reason. The audience called it other things *etc. etc.*, but no matter. The dialogue, although it contained large chunks of the sort of thing Paulton gives off in his lectures at matinees, was mostly humorous, but the character-drawing and the story were the strangest ever seen on any stage. The chief element of the mixture was how an old collier, with a wad whom he loves as if she were his own daughter,

fantasies that he stands in the way of the girl's wealth and happiness, and so he wishes to die with dispatch. To this end what do you think he does? Why, proposes to marry a virago, who he has heard would "finish any man off in a month." The remainder of the story was of a piece with this, and the whole concern was constructed in a manner to make you think Paulton was the *veriest amateur* instead of a "pro" of some quarter of a century's standing—more or less. If he will take my advice he will save up the dialogue of *Noah's Ark* for another piece. The rest let him burn without delay.

Among the new plays promised is one called *Hidden Worth*, by Horace Sedger, who is husband to Nelly Harris, who is sister to the Great Augustus. The piece is to be done at the matinee at the Prince of Wales' (late Prince's) early in November. At Christmas Alice in Wonderland is to be done here as a children's pantomime. M. Mayer talks of starting a season of French opera and opera bouffe at Her Maj's anon. The big procession scene in the Drury Lane pantomime will treat of *Our Only Queen's Jubilee*—Paul and Virginia, a poetical drama by Richard Davy, of New York, is to be done at the Novelty on the evening of Nov. 17. Grace Hawthorne is to play Virginia. And now away to prepare to receive Our Diva (alias Josephine Vendue par ses Sœurs) at the Opera Comique this evening speeds GAWAIN.

Professional Doings.

Bronson Howard is at work on a new comedy for Robson and Crane.

E. J. Buckley will shortly play an engagement at the Portland (Ore.) Theatre.

It is said that Hoy has bought Solomon's interest in *The Maid and the Moonshiner* and will give the opera another trial.

William Krelling, of the Krelling brothers, managers of the Tivoli, San Francisco,

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Wilson Barrett certainly had the courage of his convictions to begin his season at the Boston Globe Theatre—Hamlet—a city where, probably more than in any other, the old adage, "If you stand still, you are beaten," is true. Every one is measured thereby. I share the Boston feeling largely, and consider Mr. Barrett's the finest to come out of thought and consequent finish, but receiving an offer from Mr. Lowden, who had a vacant week, they decided to remain and play at the Avenue. Mr. Lowden has been garnished.—The city is being flooded, and the fences covered, with paper for the Cole Circus, which appears here for five days opening 12—Edna Courtney, leading lady of the Stranglers of Paris comb, and Henry Taylor, also one of the co., were married here on Oct. 10. Harry Mortimer and Harry F. Greene were the best men. J. Duke Murray, in advance of Milton Notties, is in town.

PHILADELPHIA.

Of the new attractions for the week the most praiseworthy has been *The Gypsy Baron* at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The seat of popular approval has, however, been given to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* for but qualified praise. In the first place it is overdone—a opera it has lost that distinctive form, and most now be classed in the light romantic school, with an ambitions reaching up toward the grand. This ambition is one of its weaknesses, for it has seduced the composer from the happy, here where he was known and loved, to plant his feet upon some bleak pinnacle where his strength is insufficient to carry him forward, and from which he is obliged ignorantly to descend. Yet there is something to be said for it, for it is in this way that art is progressing, and that a more boy would not indulge in such sonatas. This is purely arbitrary. A boy of twenty, especially if he be in love, would be much apter so to indulge than a man of thirty. Soliloquies like those of Hamlet would not come to a man in vigorous manhood. At thirty he would be more of the vigorous, aggressive world. It is in youth and age that the world changes, and it is in youth that the man of the world changes. There is in the play a great little comedy, and Miss D'Asprey's singing is excellent. The chief charm of the performance was the complete manner in which it was put upon the stage. Surrounding it was a group including such sterling good people as Joseph Whiting, E. H. Souter, J. G. Saville, George F. D. Verne, Louis Lester, and Ed. Vernon, no star or play could keep being attractive and enjoyable. When, in addition to this, the piece is mounted with every attention to detail, it leaves nothing to be desired. I am very much inclined to say that this is the best production for such up-to-date in full-bloated, vice-music life. Human life the world over, and every page of history or romance connected with and describing it, show the to be so; that young people, with no excuse for aught but happiness, are sombre and melancholy at times, in as far as the poetic or dramatic nature is developed, both of which certainly were in Hamlet's case. I do not think Mr. Barrett's execution at all times is equal to his conception. He makes his young people give to moods of reflection, are remorseful and tenuous in expression. The plot of young Hamlet to trap his uncle by intercepting lines shows at once the boy and the shrewd, poetic, dramatic, but self-conscious boy as well. This would not belong to the era of thirty years. With as much elaboration as thought, Mr. Barrett's Hamlet will be great creation, as it comes but little short of a masterpiece. Miss Farnham is not bad, but she is not up to the mark. The character of Mr. Barrett and his Hamlet, and that she conceives in the same spirit, which of course is quite natural and appropriate. She invests the character with much natural, realistic charm, and in the earlier scenes of her madness there is much to admire; but I do not like such a petty ending as she gave to her personation, notably in her attempt to tear the draperies. Such a manifestation would undoubtedly betray a certain phase of madness; but the high, mad scene seems to accord well with the character of Ophelia. Charles Hudson's King, Austin Mcloughlin's Polonius, and Charles Fulton's Horatio were excellent personations, and the cast in general may be commended.

Claudian was given on Wednesday evening and during the rest of the week. Mr. Barrett's Claudian is marked by strong qualities, not only in conception, but in execution as well. The play is a strong piece of work, with picturesque and at times beautiful character, but it is not good enough to be a success, as shown by Mr. Barrett himself, whose aggressive vigor, more especially in the prologue, was conceived and rendered beautifully. Miss Asa Lake's Almida was graceful and winning throughout, and Mr. Hudson's Tetrarch strong and brutal. He must have changed his manner very much on the night that I saw it (Saturday) from what it was in New York, or else people must have had sharp eyes to see either an imitation or a burlesque of Henry Irving. I looked for it, naturally, but did not find it.

Danish Thompson brought his beautiful *The Old Homestead*, to the Boston theatre for a return engagement, and played to good business. The play is one of the best pictures of New England rural life extant, honest and homely, too much so to allow any idea of burlesque to appear in it, and it speaks well for the taste of the theatre that they like and patronize it.

A Parlor Match continued a second week at the Park Theatre, and was a success. The play is a good one, at the Boston Museum. E. H. Vanderveldt was out of the cast a few weeks, from illness, and Arthur Falkland went on again at an hour's notice.

Dixey—Adonis—Hollis Street. Theatres—crowded houses nightly. That is all there is to it, excepting to state that everybody about the theatre is happy.

The Pulse of New York had a series of excellent presentations at the Windsor Theatre during the week. The play is a good one, with a well known local色彩 in New York, including the famous elevated railroad scene. Manager Lohfuss has cause for self congratulation on the success he has achieved here, and he has been very fortunate in his assistants as well; his acting manager, J. W. Randolph, being both competent and courteous—two qualities that are not united always in the same man.

A Cold Day was the week's attraction at the Bijou. The story about as bad as the generality of this class of pieces, but there is a great deal of fun in the play—some picaresque and at times beautiful character acting of an exaggerated kind. Frank M. Willis, Perkins D. Fisher and Marie Heath did the most natural, and cons-quently the best, of the funny business.

Storm-Blæs was the Howard Atheneum attraction, with Joe Batechelder as Kate Christianson, and a fair co. in support.

Rescue! Wilson Barrett's reception on Monday night was very cordial. At the close of Hamlet he had to call to the box to be received, and the boxers followed according to the *Advertiser* report: "Ladies and Gentlemen—it gives me great pleasure to appear before you and speak a few words in regard to this my first appearance. While abroad one who should know said to me that I would find Boston audiences cold and unsympathetic [Mr. Barrett was interrupted here with a vigorous hiss, which evidently came from the gallery]. I did not mind what was said to me, but preferred to let it pass. I am a good deal of fun in my play, and I am satisfied—gentlemen up above, who certainly seem to be on to me [applause]—will withdraw, he will greatly, like me. It is not satisfied with which he has seen to-night, he can demand the return of his money at the box-office; or, better still, he can obtain a seat for another night, when we will do our utmost to teach him something. [Applause]. Of course it is only one among a large audience, but it is a good one, and I am sure it will be a good one. To continue. I have played before a Boston audience, and after the cordial manner in which I was received, I can never say that you are cold or unresponsive. On the contrary, you are just, and respond more than warmly to the efforts of an actor. On Wednesday evening we shall give *Claudian*. We shall produce *Clio* and *Chatterton*, which complete my repertoire during this engagement. In behalf of *Mess. Eastlake* and *W. H. Smith* I thank you for your kind words, and your kind services. I am sure you will be pleased to receive my thanks. But to continue. I have played before a Boston audience, and after the cordial manner in which I was received, I can never say that you are cold or unresponsive. On the contrary, you are just, and respond more than warmly to the efforts of an actor. On Wednesday evening we shall give *Claudian*. 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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.

Meet him who can't. The ladies all him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Howard Paul sails for Havana on Saturday, to be absent about a fortnight. Mr. Paul will be the guest of Señor F. Alvarez, proprietor of the great manufactory that supplies us with Henry Clays. His works have been in most men's mouths.

Mr. Jennings, the dramatic critic of the *World*, has been ill with a heart affection, but his friends are glad to see him about the the atres once more.

The irrepressible George Fawcett Rowe has been, and gone and done it again. This time it is an opera. Its name is *Phyllis*, and the baldheaded Corydons of the City of Brotherly Love will assemble to pass judgment on its merits at the Temple Theatre about six weeks hence. The production will engage the services of Amy Sandford, a *debutante*, whose grace and talent are frequently discussed at the Lotos.

The rumor is current that Samuel French is quite heavily interested in Wilson Barrett's American tour, having furnished a share of the large capital required for the undertaking.

Lord Londenborough writes a grateful letter thanking THE MIRROR for its promptness in correcting certain blundering paragraphs that confused him with Lord Londenborough. Londenborough is an eminently respectable peer, who doesn't go in for theatrical management.

Edward Aronson gives glowing accounts of the Erminie company's trip. It appears to have been about equally proportioned in pleasure and profit for all concerned. Aronson significantly prefacing his invitations to the boys of the press to visit the Casino with the stereotyped reservation: "Will be glad to see you again—next week." From which it may be inferred that the gentle Edward does not overestimate the attractions of the Commodore and the Camerons.

Henry Arthur Jones writes that he hopes to be in New York early in the New Year. He has been working like a wheel-horse on new plays that will see the footlights about Christmastide. Mr. Jones, by the way, lives at Chalfont, St. Peter's, Bucks, six miles from a railway station—a place mellow with Miltonian memories. Here the dramatist is enabled to write his plays in peace, without being at the mercy of the countless bores that torture the waking hours of nearly every public man. It takes to escape them that he located in this safe rural retreat.

The news that Joseph Jefferson is preparing the recollections of his career for publication gives rise to the liveliest satisfaction. His pen is keen yet kindly, his fund of anecdote enormous, and his knowledge of art criticism extensive. I asked a warm but waggish friend of Jefferson's the other day what title, if any, the comedian had selected for the book.

"Oh, I presume it will go forth to the world as his *Reminiscences*," was the reply. But this was only said for the sake of the pun.

The Stranglers of Paris company cancelled a date *en route* to New Orleans recently in order to give Edna Courtney and Henry Sayler—both of that organization—a twenty-four hours honeymoon. The ceremony took place privately in New Orleans. Miss Courtney is the tall, handsome young woman whose regal beauty attracted notice at Niblo's a few seasons ago when Poole and Gilmore put on *The Seven Ravens*.

E. G. Gilmore has disposed of his interest in the Fourteenth Street Theatre. He put some money in when Sam Colville first took the lease of it from the Marshall O. Roberts estate, and was a silent partner in nearly all of the deceased manager's enterprises. Mrs. Colville, by the way, last week received from the trustees of the Actors' Fund the handsomely engrossed set of resolutions that were adopted after his death. She has since acknowledged the memorial and sent the Fund a cheque of \$50 for a life membership.

Mme. Patti-Nicolini and Impresario Abbott are expected to arrive from England on Sunday morning next. A committee—consisting of Dr. Robertson, Mr. Dunlap, the hatter, and Marcus Mayer, Secretary—is issuing invitations to a select circle of friends to go down the Bay and greet the voyagers. They are to leave the foot of West Twenty-first street on the *Lower W. Street* at 6 a.m. The Narrows and November are a chilly conjunction, but no doubt there will be many responses and warmth enough in the welcome accorded the great diva and her popular manager.

William Wardley's young bride has been on the sick list, but she is happily recovered.

The burly burlesque manufacturer has taken a charming fit up near the Park, where with lounging jacket, slippers and briar root he is drinking the sweets of newly found domesticity.

The Fund has provided Harry Campbell's maintenance at Bloomingdale for another month. Meanwhile his financial affairs will be looked into. There are likely to be some surprising developments before the investigation is finished. It would be a graceful and a grateful act, if, in the interval, Tom MacDonough, who I understand, is coming a goodly profit from Siberia, would devote the proceeds of a single performance to the demented diamat's needs. Knowing Mr. MacDonough's generous and charitable nature I am sure this hint will amply suffice to set him at work. His big heart surely must respond to the distress of the man with whom he was long and intimately associated and by means of whose brains he has enjoyed an income for several years.

I am told by a gentleman prominently connected with the Casino that Miss Cameron's state of health is the occasion of grave alarm among her friends. The terrible torrent of press prurience beneath which she was submerged on her arrival is said to have dashed and dazed her. She is settled into a melancholy from which nothing appears to arouse her. Pauline Hall singing in Philadelphia, heard of this, and as a token of sympathy directed a mammoth flower piece to be sent to Miss Cameron one night. This kindness from a complete stranger quite unnerved the recipient who was found weeping in her dressing room with the gift beside her. Her pent up sorrow, as the novelists put it, "found sweet relief in tears." Three nights later, in Philadelphia, Miss Hall received a large basket of roses with a grateful note and Miss Cameron's compliments.

Amos Cummings' election to Congress necessitates the selection of a new President by the Press Club, and, caucuses, primaries, and all the other disturbances that befall an impending election are in progress. However Press Club politics are divided on other men for other offices, there appears to be a delightful unanimity in the candidacy of John A. Greene for the presiding-chair. He is endorsed by everybody worth mentioning and his election is almost a foregone conclusion. Mr. Greene and the club both have my hearty congratulations in advance.

The observing and appreciative "Tattler" of the *Star* had this paragraph in his last Sunday screed:

That excellent dramatic paper, THE MIRROR, prints a very pretty photo-gravure of Mrs. James Brown Potter this week as a souvenir of the departure of that charming and accomplished artist to Europe.

The process utilized by THE MIRROR is so fine and artistic that "The Tattler" may readily be pardoned in mistaking it for a species of photographic print that precludes the use of the cylinder press and ordinary printing ink.

Mrs. Potter, by the way, before sailing for France last Saturday morning sent this pleasant farewell message to THE MIRROR: "Accept my heartfelt good wishes for success in your every undertaking."

Thus runs a letter from Alexandria, Va.: "Will you kindly oblige two little Southern girls, who take your very interesting paper, by putting Mr. Richard Mansfield's picture in one of your papers? The cuts we think exceedingly clever, as well as the editorials." I am sorry that I cannot yield to the wishes of my little Southerners, as Mr. Mansfield's portrait has already been reflected in THE MIRROR. Probably if they consult the number dated May 8, 1886, their curiosity will be satisfied.

Kate Castleton sends me a pictorial and descriptive brochure intended to enlighten the recipient as to the mysteries and merits of her musical mélange, *Crazy Patch*. The concluding lines are so novel, and withal so modest that I must reproduce them for the edification of my readers:

MISS CASTLETON IN PRIVATE.

It may be of interest to the fair sex to know that Miss Castleton's artistic ideas are not altogether confined to the stage, inasmuch as she is the original author of a comedy—*Madame Zipporah*—principally by herself. Among her professional associates she enjoys the reputation of being exceedingly pleasant and unassuming to all, and behind the scenes she is as great a favorite as she is with the general public.

All this charming intelligence, of course, is vastly important to the people that pay their money to see *Crazy Patch*. A star who tells us that she is an expert sewing machine operator, an amiable actress and a favorite with her company, is a real curiosity.

To the average New Yorker a visit to Brooklyn seems more formidable than a journey to Philadelphia. Under ordinary circumstances I had rather go there and back again twice over than make a trip to the Criterion Theatre, with the apparently endless walks and changes of cars it necessitates, but I was amply repaid one night last week by witnessing there Minnie Maddern's delightful acting as Mercy in Howard Taylor's retiring little play of *Caprice*.

I found the pretty little theatre filled with Brooklyn fashionable folk, and the smooth, finished, natural performance was followed with the closest attention. There is nothing mechanical in Miss Maddern's art. Her feeling portrayal of this part is spontaneous and touchingly soulful. The tender grace of her rendering of a familiar ballad—a ballad cheap and sentimental in itself—touches the heartstrings, rouses the echoing cadence of sweet regrets, and gently rustles the wings of dissenting memories. At least, that is something like the style in which Willie Winter would interpret it.

After the play, piloted by Miss Maddern, we—that is, Stedman, the poet, his wife and several friends—repaired to a real old fashioned English inn called the *Stag's Head* and kept forty years by a hole old man named William Cleaver. Drunks would have reviled this quaint hostelry and its merry, hospitable, typical landlord. Talk about Hoswines the Studio, the Shakespeare of Farnham's Why, biss my soul, they are the veriest amateur establishments compared to the rare old *Stag's Head*. Cleaver's chops are the brownest and juiciest, his ratites are the snappiest, and his Bass is the nuttiest that e'er passed between human lips and gratified a healthy palate. By all means, reader, seek out this place when you are Criterion ward and desirous of creature comfort. Over the tap room is a cosy parlor where ladies may sup amid genial surroundings.

William Wardley's young bride has been on the sick list, but she is happily recovered.

And here it was that my gifted little hostess and her clever friends made a bright ending to an evening which—let me penitently confess it—I had looked forward to with the almost certain expectation of being bored.

The Scapegoat Closing.

Clifton W. Tayleur closed the season of The Scapegoat in Chicago on Saturday night. Some members of the company subscribed their names to a letter to the press accusing the manager of "the worst sort of professional conduct," and charging him and the star, Mrs. Chanfrau, with having deserted them. The communication continues as follows:

Today we are told by his representatives that the season is closed. Our fares to New York are volunteered by Mr. Lehman, of the Windsor Theatre, in consideration of a cancellation of date, and we are returning to New York to repeat the experiment that has ended so disastrously. It is moreover to add that not a single member of the abandoned company has any desire for further professional relations with Mr. Tayleur. A telegram to one of the company received late last night from Manager Litt, of Milwaukee, states that Mrs. Chanfrau is heavily billeted to appear there on Thursday next, and no notice has been sent him of her singular inability to do so.

The names of Misses Rosenweig, Vinton, Poore, Clifford, Brown, Weaver and Stella Boniface were signed to the above. From the last sentence it would seem that the authorship of the card lies with Mr. Rosenweig.

Mr. Tayleur has requested the publication of the following reply:

NEW YORK, NOV. 10, 1886.

Editor New York Mirror.
DEAR SIR.—The most effective way of replying to liars is by proving them such. Nothing could possibly be more foreign to truth than the statement signed by Harry Lee, Horace Vinton, Harry Clifford, Harry Brown and others. On our part, every obligation rests upon us to do our best to make the company a success, and this has been generally performed. Every claim is made up to the honor of the company. On the other hand, I have to do with the fact that Messrs. Lee, Brown and Clifford, I have personal acknowledgments of their shortcomings. Mr. Lee, with proper spirit, confessed to me on the morning after the first performance, that his efforts the night previous had been "irredeemably bad." This opinion I could not truthfully contradict; it was echoed by the leading critical journals of Chicago. The opening performance of our company has been generally performed. Every claim is made up to the honor of the company. This is not my own opinion, but it is supported by every newspaper critic, every theatrical manager with whom I conversed. One of the latter, P. H. Lehman, of the New Windsor Theatre, Chicago, pronounced my company "incapable," in a letter before me, and made their "incompetency" ground for cancelling my contract with him for the week of Nov. 22.

With extreme difficulty and after many negotiations I negotiated Saturday night in extracting from him the sum of \$500 as a guarantee of the company's success. This was given in compensation for deteriorating of *The Scapegoat* in Chicago. It was every penny of it devoted to the use of the company in whose name Lehman's wrong had been perpetrated. His reluctant submission to my persistent demand my company pronounced "volunteering."

I left Chicago Sunday evening because, my engagement being ended, there was no longer reason for my remaining there. Because Mrs. Chanfrau's illness, having been aggravated by her dishonesty, it was necessary to get her home as quickly as possible for proper care and nursing. The company had no more to do with our personal movements than with yours. Every dollar of every claim has been paid by me. I hold the receipts of every member of the company for their salaries in full up to Saturday night, when we closed. For the first I am ready to answer anywhere any questions of honor or manhood which can be raised by any one of the male individuals whose names are appended to the published statement. Respectfully,

CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR.

W. T. Powell, Mr. Tayleur's representative, arrived from Chicago yesterday. He showed a representative of THE MIRROR receipts in full to Nov. 6 signed by all the members of the organization. Helen Bancroft, who was with the company, returned to New York Tuesday night. She was seen at her home by a MIRROR reporter yesterday afternoon and said:

"Mrs. Chanfrau was obliged to close her season on account of ill health. She was a very sick woman, and I wonder that she was able to keep at her work as long as she did. Concerning the finances of the management, I can only say that every member of the company received his or her salary up to the moment the season closed, and were given their fares to New York in addition."

Miss Bancroft would make no statement in reference to the alleged incapability of Mrs. Chanfrau's support, but was very positive about the other matters.

Mr. Irving's Next Visit.

Brain Stoker, Henry Irving's representative, has completed arrangements for the actor's return to America next October, and will sail for England next Saturday. The English tragedian will bring over the entire company and scenery of the Lyceum Theatre. Faust will open the season here. The play has already reached its 250th night in the English metropolis, and will probably see 200 more before it is brought to America. Mr. Irving's season is limited to twenty weeks and to the larger cities only. There are no American theatres, it is said, in which the scenic effects introduced in Faust are at present attainable, and every stage on which Irving will appear will of necessity have to be altered somewhat. The cast of the play will include, besides Irving as Mephistopheles, Ellen Terry as Marguerite and Mr. Allister as Faust.

Tony Hart's New Venture.

"I think Mr. Hart is about to get back to the place where he properly belongs—legitimate Irish comedy," said Charles Seymour, the young comedian's manager, in an interview with a MIRROR reporter. "He has three new plays to try—*Dunnybrook*, *Shamus McGuire* and *The Blarneystone*. The first named in Jersey City from Nov. 22 to 25, including Thanksgiving. In this play Mr. Hart plays a light comedy part—Con O'Grady. He will sing in every act, and in the *Dunnybrook* Fair scene will introduce his specialties. This Fair will be a realistic scene, and will employ all the company in its infinite variety. *Dunnybrook* Fair will be a special feature. Other scenes will be *The Lakes of Killarney*, *Meeting of the Waters*, *The Ruined Abbey* and *O'Grady's Castle*. The scenery will be entirely new, as will be the printing. Mr. Hart has been careful in the selection of his company. He has engaged Elwin Brown, Richard Carroll, Jr., J. F. Hagan, Carrie Tatum, Belle Stokes, and Eddie Joyce, the bagpiper. The nation has sung Mr. Hart's songs, and now we think the people will like him better on a closer acquaintance and in a role that fits him like a glove."

Gossip of the Town.

Myra Goodwin will bring Sis to New York on Nov. 23.

Blanche Seymour, singing comedienne, has returned to the city.

A. M. Palmer, who recently purchased the comedy *Who Kissed You?* thinks well of the work and has great hopes for it.

Siberia will be played for the one-thousandth time at Niblo's to night.

The Thalia company will be Marguerite Fish's support on the road.

The Jill will furnish the material for the next burlesque at Dockstader's.

John Hooley was buried from his parents' home in Brooklyn last Sunday.

Seven members of the Violet Cameron company have joined the Actors' Fund.

C. A. Spalding, of St. Louis, was in town last week on his way to Saugerties.

Rose Eytng has been engaged as a member of a stock company in this city.

Mrs. Harry Courtaigne is lying ill at Trinity Hospital in Brooklyn street, this city.

Joseph Jefferson opens a three weeks' engagement at the Star Theatre on Nov. 29.

During the engagement at the Third Avenue Theatre Fred Warde will play Shylock and Petruchio.

Next week the Sparks company appear at the Grand Opera House in the ever-popular *Bunch of Keys*.

Douglas White is to take out *Zitka*, opening in Boston on Nov. 20. Some of the old cast will be retained.

Adie Cumming severs her connection with the Fortune's Fool company at the close of the Hoboken engagement.

J. Hobart Davis is negotiating for New York time for the production of John A. Stevens' new play, *Passing Shadows*.

Erminie, Robson and Crane, John A. Stevens and Nancy and Co. are the attractions this week at Miner's various theatres.

Harry Clapham Jr. will pilot the Keep it Dark party from here to Milwaukee. One night stands from New York to that point.

Report has it that the Tichborne Claimant, who is living quietly on Fourth avenue, is writing a play in which himself and wife are to star.

The rumor that Ed Gilmore had purchased Lilian Olcott's Theodora and arranged with Mrs. Lantry to star in the play, has no foundation:

Morris Warner, of Barnum's forces, goes out ahead of Robson and Crane this week, and will remain with them until the next circus season opens.

On Wednesday next Alexander Salvini will appear at Wallack's Theatre in the role of an Italian priest in W. D. Howells' new play, *A Foreign Conclusion*.

Richard Mansfield has written a new road scene to the first act of *Prince Karl*. He has decided to postpone the production of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde until next Spring.

Frank Sanger is so well pleased with the rehearsals of the Horning-Bradshaw company in *Hoodman Blind* that he will try to arrange to give it all the Western territory.

Thomas Weston and Mark Apjohn are painting the scenery for the fourth act of *Faust* for the American Opera. Two scenes introduced will be new to opera-goers here.

Lawrence Barrett thinks his new play, *Calais*, is much better than *Francesca da Rimini*. The scene of the play is laid in Spain, and treats of the expulsion of the Moors from Granada.

The knowing ones say that there is no longer any doubt that Barrett and Booth will appear next season on the same stage and in the same plays. Othello and Julius Caesar are said to be productions in contemplation.

Next week Charles A. Gardner, who seldom appears in the East, will present his *Karl the Peddler* to Harlem theatre-goers. The soubrette work of Emily Kean, who has a line on the bill, is one of the features of the Peddler.

The third season of the New York School of Acting is about to reopen. Franklin H. Sargent continues as director, and he will be assisted by David Belasco, Mme. Malvina and other prominent instructors. Mr. Sargent's address is 42 East Eleventh street.

The report that J. F. Milliken has disposed of the rights of *Three Wives to One Husband* to Messrs. Norman and Cohen is untrue, inasmuch as Mr. Milliken has no such right to dispose of, having sold the play outright to Raymond Holmes and wife (Sydney Cowell).

Mrs. Langtry left New York for Boston in a private car last Saturday afternoon, accompanied by Charles Coghlan and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick S. Gilmore. An elegant suite of apartments had been engaged at the Hotel Brunswick and especially fitted up for her accommodation.

Donald Robertson and Catherine Lewis will

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAST PAGE.]

GENERAL. Entire satisfaction. Dupree and Benedict's Minstrels last week to small audience. General satisfaction.

NEWBURGH. Opera House (Co. Dickey, manager): Chautauk as Kit, the Arkansas Traveler, to a very large house. Mr. Chautauk had a flattering reception. His support is excellent.

HORNELLSVILLE. Shattuck Opera House (Wagner and Ross, managers): Ten Nights in a Barroom was presented by an inferior co. to a small audience. Mr. Harry Chautauk gave a fine representation of the Yankee character. Sam Scudder, in The American, a light house, owing to heavy rain and local entertainments.

WATERFORD. Opera House (E. M. Gates, manager): Janish and her excellent co. appeared in *Princess Andrea* ad.

GLOVERSVILLE. Memorial Hall (A. J. Kasson, manager): Prof. G. L. Housander, of Boston, three concerts, ad and 3d. Crooked houses. Finest musical event of season. Housander blind 1st.

BROCKPORT. Opera House (G. R. Ward, manager): Rice King Concert co. drew a large and fashionable audience ad, and gave great satisfaction. Abby's Uncle Tom co. gave a fair specialty but a weakened dramatic performance to a packed house 3d.

ITHACA. Opera House (H. L. Meyers, manager): Mixed Pictures to a fair house 3d.

LYONS. Marshall Memorial Hall (John Mills, manager): Marie Prescott, supported by L. D. McLain and a good co. presented Pygmalion and Galatea to paying business 2d. The audience were delighted with Miss Prescott, and she was called before the curtain at the close of each act. She will return 1st.

Item. Manager Arthur sends his regards to This Minstrel.

OSWEGO. Academy of Music (J. R. Pierce, manager): Janish in *Princess Andrea* to a large, fashionable and enthusiastic audience 1d. Almy Legend 10th and 11th; Seehan and Coyne 12th; R. B. Mantell 13th, and McNish, Johnson and Slavin 17th.

CANON CITY. Opera House (W. H. Fribbie, manager): Around the World in Eighty Days by W. J. Fleming's co. met with good business 1-3. Gray-stephenscomb in *Saved from the Storm*, etc., one week, opening 15th.

YONKERS. Music Hall (John Bright, manager): Louise Rial appeared in *Fortune's Fool* 1; first-class performance; fair house.

LOCKPORT. Opera House (John Hodge, manager): Mrs. River-King Concert co. to good business 4; everybody pleased. Uncle Tom's Cabin co. to fair business 6.

Central Hall: Prof. Morris' Equine and Canine Paradox 4-6. Business good.

CANANDAIGUA. Grand Opera House (S. Kingsbury, manager): Howorth's Mirror of Ireland drew a good house 4. A few of the acts were very good. Aphrodite 12; Myra Goodwin 13; Dupre and Benedict's Minstrels 15; Minnie-Madeline 16; George C. McFadden 17.

Item. Wood and Healy's The Widowmakers, of this village, will join the Siddons' co. next season. Mr. Healy is twenty-one years of age and is only thirty-six inches high.

POTTER JERVIS. Potter Opera House: W. J. Fleming's Around the World in Eighty Days to 4 to largest business of the season. Standing room sign displayed nightly. It is wonderful how such a play can be presented at cheap prices.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH.

Tucker Hall (J. F. P. Ferrall, proprietors): Adelaine Randall's Bijou Opera co. sang themselves into favor and good business, first three nights of Fair week. The Bohemian Girl, Bluebird, The Prince and The Princess, Tricobis were sung. Miss Randall a beautiful, fascinating prima donna. Each night she was greeted with storms of applause. It seemed as though the audience would never tire of honoring her. Mr. and Mrs. Dixie were very clever. Mr. Waldo and Mr. Tams were excellent. Clara Randall as Yum-Yum in The Mikado, matinee Wednesday, was splendid. Mr. Atwood had gathered around Miss Randall an excellent co. The costumes were gorgeous and the operas were well received. They left a pleasant impression.

The Mikado of Peace Institute and St. Mary's School were delighted with The Bohemian Girl Monday night. Belle Gilbert, supported by a weak co., filled out rest of week to big business in The Galleys Slave, Hidden Hand and The Little Detective. Miss Gilbert is a favorite here, and it was regretted that she should have such poor support.

Metropolitan Hall: The Huntley-Stark co. at panic prices at Fair week in Van the Virginian, Lady of Luck, and the Goldilocks, Starts of New York and A Celebrated Case. Fair business.

Good for Both: The Gilbert co. and the Huntley-Stark co. consolidate after leaving here. By retaining the best of both co. they will probably make a strong comb.

Items: The piece Milton Nobles put on was Love and Law. I omitted it in last communication—in last co. communication I wrote Raleighites. You changed it to Raleighites, which is correct. Our people all say Raleighites. C. L. Hildreth is in the city ahead of Michael Strogoff.

CAROLINAS. Academy of Music (Nat Grey, manager): Belle Gilbert appeared during Fair week in crowded houses at low prices, presenting Hazel Kirke, Esmeralda, Frou Frou and Pink Dominos. Standing room only.

Opera House (Sanders and Wadsworth, managers): Huntley-Stark co. played to good houses all week in Under the Gaslight, A Celebrated Case and Lady of Lyons.

Items: The Huntley-Stark co. disbanded here on account of Mrs. Huntley's illness. Mr. Huntley joins the Gilbert co.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS.

Business at the Metropolitan has been light all week. Aimee appeared as Manzelli and Divorces the first three nights and pleased her audiences. Alberg, Morrison co. co. disappointing performances of Faust 5-6. D. P. Bowles 11-12; Elsie Elster 13-14; Annie Pitale 15-16; lone in London.

Harris Lucy and Edna Carey in The Planter's Wife drew houses that caused the S. R. O. to sign to being out every night at the Grand. This week a strong specialty co. next. Stedman's Boarding House co.

Manager Belzer manages to keep strong enough attractions to fill Schneider's house every night.

Items: It is rumored that Fred Hesseauer will soon open a variety and concert hall in the Metropolitan. The Huntley-Stark co. played to good houses at Franklin Park—Frank Constock, manager of Utcock's Esplanade, Sandusky at his home in Westerville. Harry W. Sewell, business manager for Mrs. D. P. Flowers, is in town. Al. to Field's Minstrels are a fine-looking body of men, and prospects are good for a successful season.

TOLEDO. Wheeler's Opera House (S. W. Brady, manager): Neck and Neck, one of the most weird, blood-curdling dramas ever presented here, drew small houses 1-4. The McColl Opera co. in Black Hussar and Faust passed when compared with the former, which presented it last season. Faust, however, was considerably given. Charles Plunkett deserves special mention for his genuine humor he used in getting out of the very silly part of Von Falschau. He is one of the best comedians of the day.

People's The Western Soldiers in the Minstrel Boxes, a funny piece whose only object is to show up the good advantage the musical ability of the girls drew the usual packed houses all week. Aimee brought along Mudie Landini.

LIMA. Faust's Opera House (F. E. Rogers, manager): McColl's Opera Co. sang like the Black Hussar to a large audience 1. This opera was rendered a splendid style, and the co. is by far the best organization of that kind seen here in years. Harry Plunkett made a very amusing Pickwick. Alice Gillard as Barbara and Maudie Walker as Patsy were excellent, and the trio "Read the Avon" in the Stars, was enthusiastically received. Kittle Cleethers sang her song nicely, but the pretense for the performance was Celia Els' rending of the moon. Mrs. Maryann Murphy tried to get the last laugh, but failed in this city, 5th, to a large audience of good girls, presenting Faust's Kilmarnock. It is sufficient for me to say that the audience was delighted and that Mr. Barrett had several realists. The co. is strong and the

costumes magnificent. Adamless Edens 10th; James Owen 12-13.

Items: During the performance of The Black Hussar the stage caught fire under the footlights, but by the coolness of State engineer Murphy the audience was not disturbed. We are glad to report that the Opera House will now be lighted by electricity—last night Charles Kothier, an old acquaintance of mine, with the Barrett co. He is making rapid strides.

YOUNGSTOWN. Opera House (W. H. McKean, manager): A full house saw Richard Mansfield's artistic rendering of French Kariz. Seldom have we enjoyed a more finished and graceful picture of character than the accomplished German Prince; in accent, gesture and expression he was royal. Beatrice (Carmen) played the heiress in love with the Prince in a vivacious and energetic manner. The audience was delighted with the comic scenes manifested. The rest of the company was admirably selected. We had Joseph Murphy in Shaw Rhodes 4. The house was full and the press went with roars of laughter, punctuated by individual shrieks from over-enthusiastic admirers. John Murphy ably supported his brother. Youth was given with elaborate scenes and many people to another good house. King Hedley, the hero, though a trifling minor in action, cast his line with much emphasis. Mary Mills, the comedienne, rendered a picture of the actress for the first time in a very creditable manner. In manner to carry her through. Graham Crawford, D. E. Bolton and Fred Grettton deserve special mention. The play is given in seven short acts, and is handsomely set.

In the Wings: A. C. Gunter's royalty was attached in Mansfield's hands, on a debt due to an actor in one of Gunter's old co.

HAMILTON. Globe Opera House (Dr. A. Myers, manager): Oct. 10, One of the Bravest to a fair house. Skipped by the Light of the Moon to a good house 1st. Adamless Edens to a fair house 3d.

PIQUA. Conover's Opera House (W. G. Conover, manager): Siberia drew a full house 1st. Boys play we've had in a long time. Thoroughly enjoyed.

UPPER SANDUSKY. Opera House (John L. Green, manager): Moore and Vivian in Our Jonathan to a crowded house. Fair entertainment. Mattie Vickers in her new pl-w. Cherruth, 4th, to a packed house. Mattie is a favorite here, and her reception took the shape of an ovation.

URBANA. Bennett's Opera House (P. R. Bennett, Jr., manager): Siberia drew a jaded 1st; audience carried away with delight.

Quibell Leon and Maynard, gymnasts of Urbana, have signed with America's Great Triple Alliance, a pantomime. Besides their work in the pantomime, Leon will walk the tight-ropes at night.

YONKERS. Bennett's Opera House (P. R. Bennett, Jr., manager): Siberia drew a jaded 1st; audience carried away with delight.

WASHINGON C. H. Opera House (Shep. B. Logan, manager): E. T. Setton's Neck and Neck 1st and ad to large and well-pleased audiences.

SALEM. Opera House (Allen and Atchison, managers): Sawtell Comedy Co. week of Oct. 25, in My Partner, Barker's Daughter, Streets of New York, Under the Gaslight and Monte Cristo. All pirated plays. Fair business; bad weather; performances good. Monte Cristo 12th.

SPRINGFIELD. Grand Opera House (Fuller Trump, manager): Hungarian Students to a very poor house 1st, giving a number of choice selections in a very artistic manner. Lewis Morrison and Celia Alisberg in Faust and Marguerite 4th; poor business.

Black's Opera House (Samuel Waldman, manager): Matti Vickers in Cherub to fair house 2d. Miss Vicki's specialties and Charles Rogers' imitations were received with great applause. Supporting co. only fair. Hicks Minstrels to a top-heavy house 4th. Near entertainment.

MOUNT VERNON. Woodward Opera House (L. G. Hunt, manager): Warren G. Richards 1st. Wanted—A Husband to fair audience 1st. Mr. Richards' impersonations are funeral.

The really good singing of Mabel Hass and the neat dances of May Condell made enjoyable what would otherwise have been a dull entertainment. McAvoy's Double (2) Hibernicon co. gave a horribly bad performance to good business 3d.

ITEMS: The Woodward has been cleaned and presents a new appearance.—H. W. Bradish, ahead of James Owen O'Connor, paid me a pleasant visit last week.

KENT. Opera House (S. Kent, manager): Arden Benedict's Monte Cristo co. sang themselves into favor and good business, first three nights of Fair week. The Bohemian Girl, Bluebird, The Prince and The Princess, Tricobis were sung. Miss Randall a beautiful, fascinating prima donna. Each night she was greeted with storms of applause. It seemed as though the audience would never tire of honoring her. Mr. and Mrs. Dixie were very clever. Mr. Waldo and Mr. Tams were excellent. Clara Randall as Yum-Yum in The Mikado, matinee Wednesday, was splendid. Mr. Atwood had gathered around Miss Randall an excellent co. The costumes were gorgeous and the operas were well received. They left a pleasant impression.

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OHIO. Faust's Opera House (F. E. Rogers, manager): McColl's Opera Co. sang themselves into favor and good business, first three nights of Fair week. The Bohemian Girl, Bluebird, The Prince and The Princess, Tricobis were sung. Miss Randall a beautiful, fascinating prima donna. Each night she was greeted with storms of applause. It seemed as though the audience would never tire of honoring her. Mr. and Mrs. Dixie were very clever. Mr. Waldo and Mr. Tams were excellent. Clara Randall as Yum-Yum in The Mikado, matinee Wednesday, was splendid. Mr. Atwood had gathered around Miss Randall an excellent co. The costumes were gorgeous and the operas were well received. They left a pleasant impression.

The Mikado of Peace Institute and St. Mary's School were delighted with The Bohemian Girl Monday night. Belle Gilbert, supported by a weak co., filled out rest of week to big business in The Galleys Slave, Hidden Hand and The Little Detective. Miss Gilbert is a favorite here, and it was regretted that she should have such poor support.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Professional Doings.

Jacques Martin has retired from Gus Williams' company.

Katie Putnam is having a very successful season on John Maguire's Montana circuit.

Manager William Tolin, of Alliance, O., wants to fill open time at his People's Theatre with good attractions on sharing terms.

The sale of seats for the Cincinnati Opera Festival opened yesterday (Wednesday). The Festival opens on Nov. 22 with Lakme.

Mrs. Langtry did not open in Boston on Monday night. She was suffering from a severe cold. The advance sale was very large.

Walter Hine, late advance of the Edwin Booth company, is seriously ill at his home in Baltimore. He was compelled to give up his position some time ago.

Jeannie Winston has made a great hit in Boccaccio at the Alcazar, San Francisco. She has entered upon an indefinite engagement and is supported by the Pyke Opera company.

Henry Dixey, the comedian, will tender a breakfast to Wilson Barrett at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, in return for that artist's courtesy to him while he was in England.

Nugent and Gleason's Metropolitans are meeting with gratifying success in interior New York. This little company has been on the road many seasons, and is a welcome visitor wherever it turns.

The claim is set up that J. C. Duff is now using some of the music of Hoyt and Solomon's opera, *The Maid and the Moonshiner*, in direct opposition to Hoyt's wishes and in the face of warnings.

Oscar R. Hundley, the Huntsville manager, occupies a seat in the Alabama Legislature through the franchises of his townsmen. The honor partakes of a compliment to Mr. Hundley's popularity as a manager.

It is definitely announced that on the completion of the new Chamber of Commerce in Cincinnati, Pike's Opera House, now being used as a mart of trade, will be remodeled and transformed into a regular theatre.

Odd, to say the least of it, a comedy, was given a first production at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday night. It was well acted by a selected cast, but success or non-success is not yet established.

Monday, Nov. 22, opens Thanksgiving week, and *The Mikado* goes to press on the following night. Correspondents are requested to mail their letters one day earlier, or in time to reach this office on or before Monday.

Mrs. Sam Lucas, of the Hyers Sisters, who has been ill for some weeks, has rejoined the company. This company, which includes the Hyers Sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas and Wallace King, the tenor, is doing very well in the West.

Harbor Lights, which will reach its hundredth performance at the Boston Museum on Thanksgiving Eve, is still the attraction at the Adelphi Theatre, London, where it is believed that it will reach its one-thousandth consecutive performance.

Now that Fanny Mills is going to Europe, the American territory for freaks with big feet will be left to a man in Key West who owns the very appropriate name of Tom Acrefoot. His feet are sixteen inches long and six and one-half wide.

"Le Caprice," a remarkably good imitation of ostrich feathers, is an article especially made for the stage by Mme. Bertha Schenck, of 167 Eighth avenue. The feathers may be had in any size or color. All leading costumers are agents.

Mrs. Harry Miner drove out in her dogcart Saturday last, and at Third avenue and Seventeenth street ran over a boy. The accident was occasioned by the horse taking fright. Mrs. Miner is said to be one of the best lady-whips in New York.

W. J. Fleming is meeting with great success in his Around the World in Eighty Days. In Amsterdam, N. Y., last week the S. R. O. sign was hung out for three nights, and press and public wondered how such a performance could be given at popular prices.

Victorian Sardou has at last yielded to the solicitations of his daughter to be allowed to go to the theatre. The eminent playwright has not only assented to the girl's request, but has written a play entitled *The Crocodile* especially for the occasion of her visit.

The Casino Opera House is the largest theatre in Oswego, N. Y., and it contains the largest stage. The seating capacity is 1,257. Manager Wallace H. Frisbie invites investigation. The New York representative is Randall's Bureau. The week of Dec. 5 is the only week open this year.

The Law and Order League which has undertaken the suppression of Sunday amusements in Cincinnati has been notified by a numerously-signed card from the theatrical employees that efforts to ameliorate their condition do not meet with favor. The employees say that their labor does not exceed thirty-six hours a week.

The Royal Hotel, Cincinnati, has been renovated and refurnished throughout. The bedrooms are elegantly fitted, and can be had, including excellent board, at \$5 and \$6 a week. The patronage of the profession, at special rates, is particularly invited. The house is situated at the corner of Walnut and Court streets, and is convenient to the theatres. S. J. Hess is the host.

C. M. Leumane, the tenor, was dismissed from the Cleton Opera company in Philadelphia for furnishing to a publishing house in that city the words of "It is Only a Question of Time," a song from Nancy. Leumane made several changes in the song, restituted it "It is a Question of Time," and claimed the work as his own. Mr. Cleton will bring suit against him for infringement.

H. R. Jacobs and S. M. Hickey have leased the building on Vine street, Philadelphia, known as the Windsor Theatre, for a period of ten years. They will remodel the house and turn it into a "popular price" theatre. The stage will be enlarged, the chairs upholstered, the ceilings frescoed, the aisles carpeted and the entire building be put in first class order. The house will be managed by Mr. Hickey. The theatre will seat 1,600.

Eight members of W. H. Lytell's company, at Hamilton, Ont., append their signatures to a letter received at this office, wherein they deny the statements of Carlos St. Aubyn respecting the financial condition of the organization. They assert that salaries have been paid promptly. This letter is supplemented by a communication from Lytell himself, in which he charged that St. Aubyn left Hamilton surreptitiously and that his professional efforts were rendered unsatisfactory.

Newark seems to be Miner-mad. A local cigar manufacturer has put on the market a brand known as "Harry Miner's Favorite," a Broad street shop store advertises "Miner's Shoes," while a Market street oyster dealer serves a dish which he calls "Miner's Boss."

The Striebinger House at Cleveland, O., provides home comforts and a first-class theatre. It is provided with every modern improvement, including electric lights and bells. It is the best two dollar house in the city; reduced to the profession. G. M. Cadwell is the proprietor.

Jacobs and Proctor's Opera House (formerly Roberts) at Hartford, Ct., is meeting with great success as a purveyor to the amusement goer. Only the best attractions are played, and at a scale of prices that has become very popular with the townspeople. This scale is \$1, seventy-five, fifty, thirty-five, twenty-five and fifteen cents. Two attractions a week (three nights each) are played. Charles A. Wing is the local manager, and he has made hosts of friends during his short residence in Hartford.

While playing in The Irish Minstrel at Waterbury, Conn., last Saturday night, J. B. Turner, a member of W. J. Scanlan's company, was suddenly stricken with blindness. Mr. Turner is in his sixtieth year, and is a sterling actor of the old school. His wife, who was also in the company, brought her husband at once to New York, where he was placed in the care of Drs. Agnew and Webster. Mr. Scanlan defraying all expenses of treatment. Mr. Turner's affliction resulted from a cold contracted since the company started on the road. The physicians hope to be able to restore his sight.

Last Friday evening a little daughter of George H. Adams had a narrow escape from being dashed to death on the stage of Taylor's Opera House at Trenton, N. J. The little one was walking over a paint-bridge swung thirty-five feet from the stage. A sudden call for her appearance on the stage in a scene of The Silver King startled the child, and she attempted to steady herself by placing her hand against what she supposed to be a solid wall, but which was a drop. The canvas swayed and she fell, when Willard Lee, of the company, by a mere accident perceived her and pulled her from her perilous position. In another second she would have fallen through to the stage.

G. A. Mortimer, Louis James' manager, passed through the city last week on his way to Boston. He says that Mr. James and Miss Wainwright, after a struggle, are at last in the full tide of success. But their struggle has not been as hard as the average in a first starting season. Miss Wainwright has been especially successful in the role of Juliet. At first the public was loth to accept Mr. James as a tragic actor, but is at last won over. Mr. Mortimer is arranging for an early metropolitan date.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

A LIANCE, OHIO
PEOPLES THEATRE.
WILLIAM TOLIN, Manager. J. G. W. SISKERICK, Prop. Open time. Sharing terms.

A BERDEEN, MISS.
TEMPLE OPERA HOUSE.
G. W. ELKIN, Manager. Situated in the best show town in Mississippi. Comfortable to both actors and audience. Seats 1,000. Good attractions draw well. Correspondence solicited for open dates.

A DRIAN, MICH.
Central Hotel.
Headquarters of the profession. Special rates. N. Y. MIRROR on file. ERK D. S. AVARY, Mgr. Open time. Sharing terms.

A SHATURALIA, O.
SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE.
Population, 7,000. Seating capacity 900; full set of scenery. Good attractions wanted. Share only. SMITH & SON, Prop.

A TTICA, N. Y.
Williams Opera House.
Seven hundred chairs, steam heated, full scenery. Wanted, good attractions for first and last week in October. C. F. WILLIAMS, Manager.

A TTICA, N. Y.
Wyoming Hotel.
Headquarters of dramatic profession, next door to Opera House. Special rates. S. WILDER, Prop.

A UGUSTA, GA.
Augusta Hotel and Globe Hotel.
Headquarters for the profession. Low rates to theatrical companies. MIRROR on file. L. E. DOOLITTLE, Proprietor, Augusta, Ga.

A DAIRSVILLE, KY.
NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Southern terminus O. & N. R. R. Capacity 400. Good show town. D. G. SIMMONDS, Manager.

A LTOONA, PA.
GLOBE HOTEL.
Near Opera House and Depot. Special rates to the profession. New York MIRROR on file. S. A. LUTZ, proprietor.

A SHURY PARK, N. J.
OPERA HOUSE.
Finely appointed in every respect. Seating 1,200. For open time address ISAAC COLEMAN, Socie Manager and Lesser.

B EAVER FALLS, PA.
SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
The latest, best and most popular theatre in the country. Population, 10,000; seating capacity 1,500. Fifteen dressings-rooms. Stage 20x25; 12 sets scenery. Ground floor only. Institutes attractions need for open time. C. W. KOECKEANT, Mgr. and Prop.

B RICKPORT, N. Y.
Ward's Opera House.
Seating capacity has all chairs; well heated. WANTED—Good attractions for October. Good show town. G. R. WARD, Proprietor.

B GETTY HOUSE.
T. A. GETTY, Proprietor. Best hotel in town. First class in every respect. Special rates. Free bus to Ward's Opera House. N. Y. MIRROR on file.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Population 22,000.
BINGHAMTON OPERA HOUSE.
J. F. CLARK, Manager. Good attractions wanted for Christmas. Two hours a day. Address STEAK BROS., Managers.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
UNITED STATES HOTEL.
Headquarters of the racing profession. Conveniently located next to the racing and depots. Special rates. N. Y. MIRROR on file. J. LATE, Jr., Manager.

B EAVER FALLS, PA.
SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
Very large, most popular and best theatre in the country. Ground floor. Seating capacity 1,400. First class. Auditorium dressing rooms. Complete stock of scenery. Population of 10,000; stage 20x25; 12 sets scenery. Good attractions wanted for open time. J. LATE, Jr., Manager.

B RISTOL, PA.
BRISTOL OPERA HOUSE.
Population, 2,000. Seats 1,000. Stage 20x25. An orchestra available. WANTED—Good attractions at all times, which will receive good terms. Last class show town and only theatre. JAMES WRIGHT, Manager.

C BURNTON, N. Y.
Population 22,000.
BINGHAMTON OPERA HOUSE.
J. F. CLARK, Manager. Good attractions wanted for Christmas. Two hours a day. Address STEAK BROS., Managers.

C HARRISBURG, PA.
STEELETON, 2 miles by Street-Railway, into PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Population, 45,000. Seats 1,000. Stage 20x25; 12 sets scenery. First class. Auditorium dressing rooms. The best show town outside of Buffalo. Open for good attractions at all times. GEORGE E. TUCKE, Manager.

C HILLSDALE, PA.
OPERA HOUSE.
On ground floor. Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage 20x25; 12 sets of scenery. Complete stock of scenery. Population of 10,000; stage 20x25; 12 sets of scenery. Good attractions wanted for open time. J. LATE, Jr., Manager.

C ILLENT, MICH.
HOWELL OPERA HOUSE.
Good attractions wanted for Nov. 2. Thanksgiving. Every week open. Town business. House seats 1,000. Seats 1,000. Stage 20x25. Good sets of scenery. E. W. HOWELL, Manager.

C ILLENT, MICH.
Sutton's Opera House.
Population, 5,000. Seats 1,000. Stage 20x25; 12 sets of scenery. Good attractions wanted for open time. W. H. MYERS, Mgr.

C ORNELLVILLE, N. Y.
Delevan House.
Headquarters of the racing profession. Special rates; next door to Opera House. MIRROR on file. H. C. ARMS & SON, Proprietors.

C UNNISVILLE, ALA.
HUNTSVILLE OPERA HOUSE.
Population 5,000. Seats 1,000. Will play only on standard and companies at standard prices. O. K. HUNDLEY, Manager.

C HILLSDALE, PA.
Casino Theatre.
Seating 2,000; folding chairs, steam heated, full set of scenery. Good specialty artists wanted. GLOVER & WHITTAKER, Less. and Mgrs.

C BROOKPORT, N. Y.
American Hotel.
Headquarters of the dramatic profession. Special rates. N. Y. MIRROR on file. C. C. FOX, Proprietor.

COLDWATER, MICH.
Tibbles' Opera House.
On Grand floor. Seating 1,000; all chairs. Full set of scenery and every convenience. Christmas. C. L. HUNTER, Manager.

C ORNING, N. Y.
Exchange Hotel.
One block from Academy; headquarters of the Dramatic Profession. Special rates. C. F. BEARD, Prop.

C INCINNATI, O.
ROYAL HOTEL.
South east corner Walnut and Court streets.

The above Hotel has been entirely renovated and refitted with new and handsome furniture.

SPECIAL RATES TO THEATRICAL PEOPLE.
Good rooms, including board, \$5 and \$6 per week.

Call or address
S. J. HESS, Proprietor.

C LEVELAND, O.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Seating capacity 1,000; all chairs. Full scenery and every modern convenience. Wanted, good attractions for December and January. W. F. DOBBERT, Mgr.

C LEVELAND, O.
New Johnson House.
131 Superior street. Special rates to the profession. H. B. WEST, Manager.

C ONNEAUT, O.
CLEVELAND'S HALL.
Population, 5,000. Seating capacity 600; all chairs. Full scenery, well heated, etc. Open time for good attractions always. G. H. CLEVELAND, Prop.

C EDRAR RAPIDS, IOWA.
Weller's Hall.
Seating capacity, 600; all chairs. Stage 20x25. Six sets new scene. Steam heated; lighted with gas. Completely decorated. Will be ready to open at popular prices Oct. 10, 1866. Rent or share. ADDRESS W. L. WELLER.

C LEVELAND, OHIO.
STREIBINGER HOUSE.
Headquarters of the profession. Special rates. Steam heated, electric lights and bells. First-class table, with all home comforts. G. M. CADWELL, Prop.

C HARLESTON, S. C.
PAVILION HOTEL.
First class. Centrally located. Special rates to the profession. Transfer buses and wagons at all trains. Hauling done cheaper than by any other line. E. T. GAILLARD, proprietor.

C HARLESTON, S. C.
TURNER OPERA HOUSE.
Ground floor; 1,000 folding chairs, fine stage and scenery. Everything new. Good show town. CHAS. LANG, Pres. Com.

C OHIO, N. Y.
OPERA HOUSE.
P. J. CALLAN, Manager.

H ARMONY HOTEL.
P. J. CALLAN, Proprietor.

C OHIO, N. Y.
SPECIAL RATES TO THE PROFESSION.
P. J. CALLAN, Manager.

C OLMER, CO.
MUSIC HALL.
Formerly Academy of Music, which was burned July 4, will be ready for refined attractions about Nov. 1, next. Seating capacity 4,000. Movable opera chairs. Building stone and iron. 1st class extra and insurance 50 per cent. less than any theatre West. The only theatre or hall for big combinations.

None but well-known and successful attractions need apply for open dates to

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C OLMER, CO.
PARK OPERA HOUSE.
Facing Opera House. Only house of profession. Special rates. STEAK BROS., Prop.

C OLMER, CO.
PARK VIEW HOTEL.
Facing Opera House. Only house of profession. Special rates and every convenience. BURROW & DREIFUSS, Prop.

C OLMER, CO.
THEATRICAL BAGGAGEMAN.
C. M. STOKE.
All orders addressed care of Park Opera House; for Park View Hotel, will receive prompt attention.

C OLMER, CO.
BUCKBEE HOUSE.
Near both theatres and depots. Headquarters dramatic profession. Special rates. A. BUCKBEE, Prop.

C OLMER, OHIO.
ELYRIA OPERA HOUSE.
Population 6,000. Seating capacity 600; all chairs. Full set of scenery and every convenience. Wanted, good attractions in N. Y. and Jan. N. B. GATES, Manager.

C OLMER, OHIO.
Hein's Opera House.
Seating 600. First-class attractions wanted. J. M. DUFFY, Manager.

C OLMER, OHIO.
MOZART HALL.
Live town; 1,000 people; ground floor; seats 1,000. Stage 20x25; 12 sets scenery. The only house for big combinations to play to advantage and make money. Wanted, first class attractions for the season of 1866-7. Address all communications to J. E. FRY, Manager.

C OLMER, OHIO.
N. LISTER'S OPERA HOUSE.
Seats 600. Good show town. M. HORN, Manager.

C OLMER, OHIO.
RIVERSIDE HOTEL.
The only house away from the Railroad. N. Y. MIRROR on file. M. PINDAR, Proprietor.

C OLMER, OHIO.
CASINO OPERA HOUSE.
First-class house. Largest theatre and stage in city. Seating capacity, 1,000. Every modern facility.

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WALLACE H. FRISBIE,
Proprietor and Manager.

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TOONELLER BROTHERS.
Wanted, lady variety artists at all times. TONNELLER BROTHERS, Managers.

C OLMER, OHIO.
ERIE THEATRE.
Wanted, lady variety artists at all times. TONNELLER BROTHERS, Managers.

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C OLMER, OHIO.
Gammel's Casino and Hotel.
Headquarters for the profession. Furnished rooms at reasonable rates.

C OLMER, OHIO.
CENTRAL HOUSE.
Facing Opera House. Special rates to dramatic profession. Full set of scenery. Free bus-marts all trains. D. E. RECKER, Prop.

C OLMER, OHIO.
WILSON OPERA HOUSE.<br

Some Notable Stage Dresses.

The costumes worn in *As You Like It* are true to the period of Francis I. Modjeska's first dress consists of Nile-green brocade; a long train trimmed with gold passementerie. A chemise of gauze is embroidered with real gold. The petticoat is of crushed-strawberry plush, covered with a silvery sheen. The Gavynne dress had yellow leather garters, dark blue tights; doublet of green plush, pale sage-green cloak, lined with old-gold satin. The last dress consists of a petticoat of white gros-grain interwoven with gold. The robe is of green brocade, flowing into a train; belt of turquoise amulets.

In *Twelfth Night* there are some charming costumes. One is an Albanian costume—a real Albanian dress—every part covered with gold embroidery; a short kilt skirt of white silk reaches the garters. A little skull cap is embroidered with gold. Next week Modjeska will exhibit, in *Marie Stuart*, some beautiful costumes. In the first act a gray brocade, with a brown plush train, bordered with gray fur. In the third act she appears in pure white, with a mantle also of white; the *Marie Stuart* cap and everything trimmed with pearls. In the third act she wears a red and black brocade, made in a robe trimmed with fur; magnificent jewels, white gauze veil. For her private life Mme. Modjeska has equally as handsome costumes. One in which she gave the supper to Wilson Barrett at Delmonico's is corn color *crêpe*, the train lined with satin, front of striped brocaded *crêpe* adorned with corn flowers. Another is of cream white with a striped satin and silk train; a front of white *crêpe*. Mme. Modjeska has always been renowned both in public and private life for her beautiful toilettes, but this season she has excelled them all. In *The Chouans* in the first act a travelling costume of shades of heliotrope and crushed raspberry shot silk, made in the Directoire style, with a wide turnover collar and cuffs of gray plush, is delightful. A wrap to go with this is still of another shade, lined with a more roseate hue. A large gray felt, with superb ostrich tips, has a lining of bronze plush. Still another costume is entirely in different shades of heliotrope, with an upper drapery of white silk gauze. A little Directoire cape of heliotrope plush, finished with exquisite lace, finishes this charming costume. A high pluff hat of the same had the ends of ribbon rolled around it, then falling over the back. A pale pink silk was draped with gauze, embroidered in cream and white, with arsenic green moire sashes; the waist had a jacket and cape of the gauze. This was a charming evening dress. A ball-dress was an exact reproduction of a dress worn by Josephine Beauharnais before her marriage. Made of white *crêpe de chine*, dotted all over with stars of gold, hand embroidered, finished at the bottom with a bullock fringe. A long scarf of red satin, heavily embroidered in gold, completes this costume.

Driving to the Park one day last week, who should be pointed out to the writer but Miss Fortescue. If she always looks as she did on that day, it may be prophesied that she will speedily become the fashion. Already a new house here, a branch of a well known London establishment, is exhibiting a bonnet called after her which promises to be very popular. To describe what Miss Fortescue wore that day, perhaps, would be more to the purpose. It was a *crêpe de chine* over brown silk, with Genoa velvet draperies. The body was habit-shaped of the embroidered *crêpe*. An open-work rough brown straw, a little French bonnet, was lined with pale blue and adorned on top with pale blue tips—very *chic*.

A day or so later the writer obtained a still nearer view of the charming actress, and charming, indeed, was she in a ravishing tea-gown of pale-blue *crêpe de chine* embroidered in carnations over a petticoat of salmon surah entirely smocked. Naturally the conversation turned on her first appearance here, and with Miss Fortescue's permission the writer escribed her to rehearsals. The lovely tea gown had been changed for what the actress called her "working dress," a dark blue serge, the round waist gathered into a wide belt.

"My costumes are all copies," Miss Fortescue said. "One from Schaeffer's picture of Gretchen, another from a valuable book in the British Museum, depicting costumes of the Sixteenth century."

In the first scene Miss Fortescue glides over the stage in a thin, filmy white Indian fabric—a soft, clinging material that hangs exquisitely. In the second scene she wears a yellow dress, the skirt infinitesimally small kilt pleats, the upper part smocked a foot below the waist, which was of stamped plush, cut square, with a puff at the shoulder, with soft puff sleeves to match the habit-skirt below. The next costume is the regular Marguerite we are all familiar with—a soft gray caught up on one side by a girdle, the long upper skirt pulled through the girdle. A little round cap of stamped velvet is worn with this costume. These costumes have been made under the direction of Mr. Barth and Miss Fisher, of London—both celebrated costumers—and while they are perfect as historical pictures can make them, they seem invested with so much of Miss Fortescue's indomitable will as to be part and parcel of herself.

In King René's daughter Isolante, the blind girl, Miss Fortescue wears a silk *crêpe*, a material brought out by Liberty's, the great Indian merchants of London, and the only piece they ever imported. With her light hair loosely bound with a fillet of jewels Miss Fortescue must be an ideal Isolante.

Agnes Booth's costumes in *Jim the Penman*, now playing at the Madison Square Theatre, deserve more than passing mention, especially as they are of the handsomest materials and made up into "creations" both artistic and striking. The wrap worn in the first act is of cloth of gold, long, reaching to the feet, lined with bronze plush and bordered with bocchari, with a wide collar of the same. Down the back is a handsome jet ornament extending from the shoulders, graduating to the waist. The gown worn with this is a yellowish *crêpe* *française*, a full, flowing, over a bust of shrimp pink, covered with a new and cut beads uniting all the colors of the costume. The decoupage costume is based on a band of the same material on one shoulder, shell trimming of the hemline over the hump pink of the train.

The gown worn next is of electric blue tulle. The bodice is combined with chamois plush. The way the bodice is arranged on this dress is simple work of art, and the finish of gold and gold brocade passementerie, while lighting it up, is keeping with the colors, and therefore there is nothing garish about it. Perhaps

the gem among the gowns is a sea-foam faille *française*, a fit robe for an Aphrodite, the soft billows falling away from the plush of the front, which is all pleated the entire length of the skirt, caught up in the middle, forming a slight puff. One side is lightened by a panel of chintz brocade. The bodice is of the faille, with a vest of brocade bordered with plush, elbow sleeves with monogrammed cuffs. A tea-gown of delicate maize crepe, partly covered with shiny soft lace, was a perfect ideal of what a tea-gown should be, caught here and there with loops and bows of maize ribbon. The delicate hue of maize harmonized with the lace, and it was difficult to say where one began or the other ended. The toilettes throughout were combinations of exquisite taste evidently becoming to Mrs. Booth.

Maude Harrison's costumes, designed by the same artist, were also marvels of art. The first dress was of rose silk, with draperies of *gaze de Chambey*, covered with embroidery. The soft roseate hue of this gown was very becoming to Miss Harrison. The corsage was high, cut Pompadour in front, finished with embroidery. The sleeves, reaching to the elbow, were of the same. The second gown was a lawn tennis; a plain white combined with white, in which fern leaves were woven; a simple little dress, but charming for this reason. But the crowning glory of Miss Harrison's costumes, and the most interesting to the ladies at this season of gay marriages, was her wedding dress, a combination of white satin and white moire, with draperies of silver-dotted tulle; the train hung *à la Merveille*, corsage decollete, but pointed and finished with a berthe of the tulle. A veil of plain white tulle was arranged in a graceful manner that many a bride would envy, and prospective ones crane their necks to determine exactly how and where it is secured to the locks.

TOILETTE.

—The weeks of Dec. 5 and 12 are open at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis.

—Flora Moore finds her Bunch of Keys capable of unlocking the entire South.

—People are wanted for a stock company at the Grand Central Theatre, Cleveland, O.

—Louis Harrison has a play for next season called *The Noblest Roman of Them All*.

—The Whittlesey Opera House at Norwalk, O., is for rent only. The seating capacity is 600.

—Arthur E. Miller, Minnie Maddern's manager, announces that *In Spite of All* is for sale.

—There are two Little Tycoon companies on the road, and both are playing to large business.

—Frederick Bock is playing leads in a stock company at the Pence Opera House, Minneapolis.

—Manager Duran, of the Stillwater (Minn.) Opera House, has been elected to the State Senate.

—Good attractions for the holidays are wanted at Forney's New Opera House, Lexington, O.

—Mrs. Mollie Barnard has joined the Seymour-Stratton company to play leading heavies.

—W. W. Kelly telegraphs THE MIRROR that Grace Hawthorne has made a great success in London.

—Byron W. Orr, the Chillicothe (O.) manager, has taken the management of the Holman Opera company.

—The Central Hotel, Adrian, Mich., is the theatrical headquarters in that town. Special rates; *MIRROR* on file.

—A good Thanksgiving (Nov. 24-27) attraction is wanted for Low's Grand Opera House, Providence, R. I.

—J. J. Murphy, the leaper who was injured in *Blackmail*, is playing a part in W. J. Fleming's *Around the World*.

—The McDowell Comedy company is playing a three weeks' engagement at the Princess Theatre, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

—Wilson Barrett is to have a new play from the pen of George R. Sims. The piece will be ready on his return to London.

—The Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, has been mortgaged to the Union Savings Bank of that city for \$30,000.

—Marlande Clarke has joined Louise Rial's company. He plays Daracon in *Fortune's Fool* and Macari in *Called Back*.

—Jennie Christie is pleasing theatre-goers with her performance of *Sierra Suse* in Edin Arden's play, *Eagle's Nest*.

—Arrangements have been completed by Henry E. Abbey to take Bernhardt to Australia, India, Egypt, Turkey and Russia.

—H. S. Taylor has added to his list of theatres the Opera House at Winona, Minn., and the Academy of Music at Milwaukee.

—Female variety artists are wanted at all times at the Erie Theatre, Toledo, O. This is the only strictly variety theatre in the city.

—Abbey and Schoettel will make extensive changes in the Park Theatre, Boston, next season, and calculate to spend \$10,000 thereon.

—James F. Crossen's *Banker's Daughter* company reopens season at Utica, N. Y., on Nov. 12. The company has been strengthened.

—Sutton's Opera House, Hinsdale, Mich., is for rent at \$20 a night. It seats 800, and has a large stage, and is well supplied with scenery.

—One of the Little Tycoon companies is to tour to the Temple Theatre, Philadelphia, for a season of four weeks, beginning Monday next.

—The Town Hall at New Milford, Conn., seats 900, and the Farnley Brothers, managers, will play two good companies a month with bocchari, with a wide collar of the same. Down the back is a handsome jet ornament extending from the shoulders, graduating to the waist.

—A Thanksgiving attraction is wanted at Mechanics Hall, Worcester, Mass. The house seats 1,200. Carrot and crimson may be a dressed at Antwerp.

—Henry's Opera House at Fremont, O., seats 900, and carots to a grand total of 1,100. First-class attractions are always wanted. Manager J. M. Devens.

—Manager Bennett, of the Urbana (O.) Opera House, has had a falling out with the owners of the daily paper there, who refused to advertise the Adamless Eden company, and has started an opposition sheet.

—A cabriole from the Avenue Theatre, London, to Samuel French and Son, states that Indiana was attended during a single week by over forty titled personages.

—Mark Dennis is engaged as comedian of the Martyr company, which opened in Philadelphia on Nov. 5. Several members were with the late Zeller company.

—The new site at Ware, Mass., will be opened by the Redmond Harry company on Nov. 10-12. This will be the third house the company has opened this season.

—Some years ago Lawrence Barrett gave a performance of *Richelieu* in Fort Wayne to 800. Last Saturday night he presented the same play in the same city to 800.

—W. H. Moore has relieved H. J. Sargent of the management of Adelaide Moore, and now announces himself as the sole and responsible manager, with Ed. L. Bloom as assistant.

—Attractions for November, December and January are wanted for the Opera House at Elyria, O. This house, managed by N. H. Gates, seats 820, all chairs, and is well provided with scenery. The population of Elyria is 6,000.

—Mile, Rhea writes that her business this season has been the largest she has known in America. On Saturday night the actress produced Legouvé's comedy, *Fairy Fingers*. The stage was directed by Ben Teal, who rehearsed the company.

—Louis James and Marie Wainwright have played to paying business in Louisville, Pittsburgh, Washington and Baltimore. The report that the company was about to disband is believed by Mr. James to have originated in a malicious quarter.

—One of the handsomest theatres in the State of Michigan is Tibbet's Opera House at Coldwater. It is almost new, and was built at lavish expense. The town is very good for theatrical business, and is well supplied with railroad connections.

—G. W. Elkin, of the Temple Opera House, Aberdeen, Miss., solicits correspondence with managers. He describes Aberdeen as the best theatrical town in Mississippi. The Temple, which is a comfortable theatre for both actors and audience, seats 1,000.

—After Dec. 1 special rates to the profession will be made at the Hotel Madison, Toledo, O. This will be a boon, as the Madison is a first-class hotel, near both theatres and the depots. Free bus will be run to and from the depots. H. A. Bissot is the proprietor.

—George T. and Harry Clapham, Jr., are no longer connected with the management of Helene Adell, but the dates made by those managers will be filled. John D. Walsh, the present manager, may be addressed at the Grand Opera House, Reading, Pa.

—The Hotel Cooper at Dayton, O., is strongly recommended by the members of Messer's We, Us & Co. in an "open letter." L. and F. Schaefer, late of the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, are the proprietors, and they have had long experience in catering to the profession.

—The press throughout the country is confounding Marguerite Fish with "Baby Bindley." Kit Clarke wishes managers to remember that Marguerite Fish was once known as "Baby Benson," and is the daughter of the well-known clog-dancer, Jennie Benson. Baby Bindley is now Florence Bindley, and is the daughter of the late Prof. William Bindley, the English concertina player and musical celebrity.

—The Boston Lodge of Elks are making extensive preparations for their ball, which takes place on Monday next in the Mechanics' Building. Several Governors, many Mayors of New England cities and a large number of prominent musical, dramatic and society people are expected to attend. The affair is under the direction of fourteen committees, comprising many well-known names. A large party of guests from this city has been arranged.

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—The Oliver Opera House at South Bend, Ind., is one of the finest theatres in the West. The Oliver Brothers, wealthy manufacturers, spared no expense in its erection, and the result is a perfect gem of a house. The seating capacity is 1,200, all folding chairs. The stage is roomy and there is a full stock of scenery. Twelve dressing-rooms are supplied with hot and cold water. Four lines of railroad pass through the city, which is eighty-five miles from Chicago. South Bend is a good patron of the theatre at standard prices. Population, 22,000.

—Good attractions for Christmas and New Year's are wanted for Biemiller's Opera House, Sandusky, O. This house is under the new and live management of Frohman and Ilg. An opera company is especially desired, and the best of terms can be secured. Only place of amusement in a city of 23,000; seats 1,200, all chairs; stage 33x62. The Sloane House is the headquarters of the profession; moderate rates are made. It is claimed to be the best hotel in Ohio, outside Cleveland and Cincinnati, having 150 rooms, elevator, steam-heat, etc., and is fire-proof.

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